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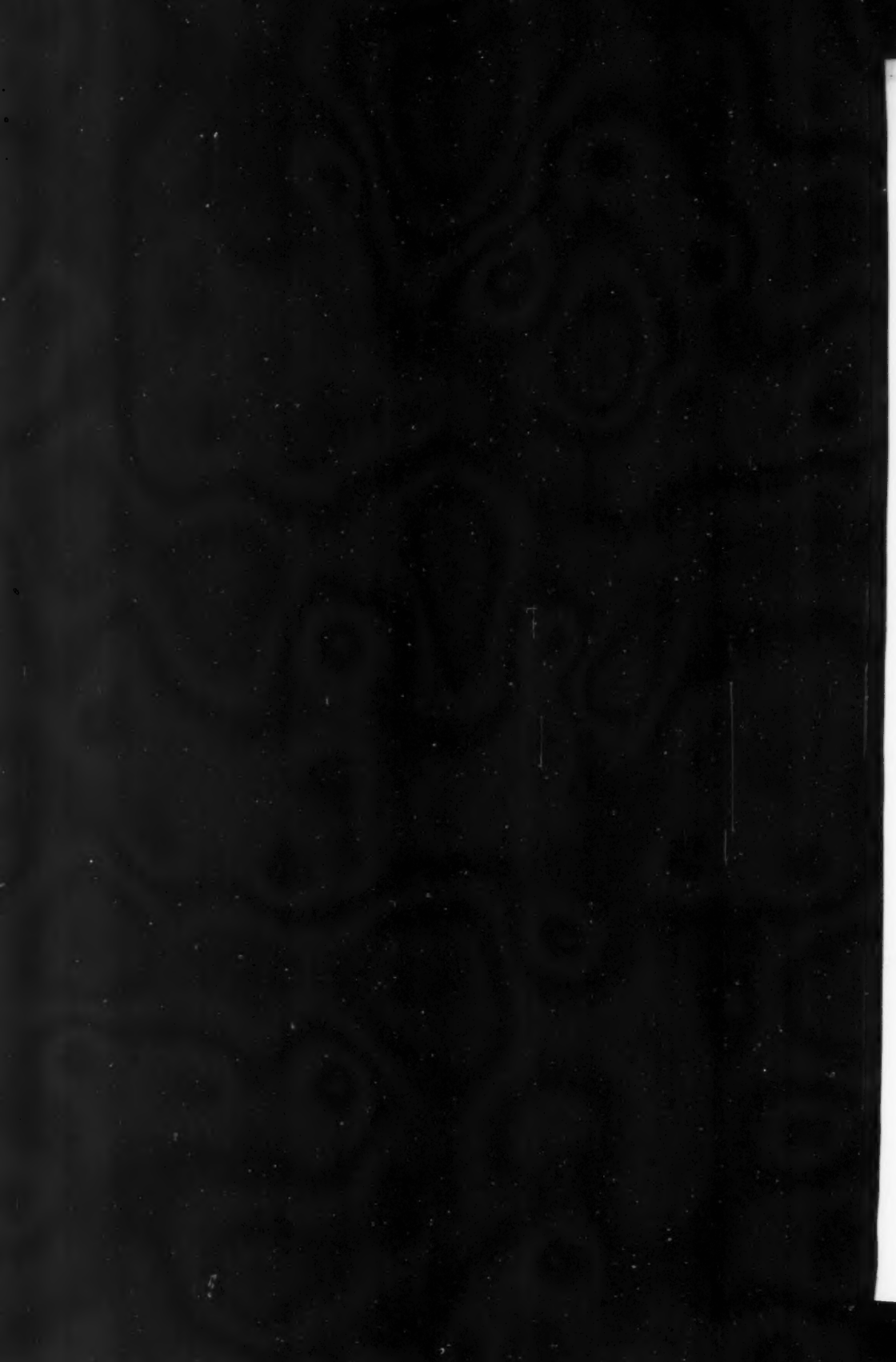
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXII. }

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IN MEMORIAM.

OH, to recall the days when, on the road
That led me, cheerful or depressed, towards
home,

My little timid son was wont to come
Within my ken, not far from my abode!
On seeing me his eager joy he curbed,
Uncertain of my mood. He peeled his stick
With anxious mien, while casting glances
quick

To learn my humor; if I seemed disturbed
As I drew near, he loitered by my side—
A thought behind—and looked intent on
work;

But if I smiled—then with a sudden jerk,
His stick flew far, and such a whelming tide
Of love burst forth, in smiles and misty tears,
And pressure of his loving little hand, and
eager confidence of hopes and fears.

Oh, that we did not fail so oft to find
God's angels in our children! How our
eyes

Are holden, while we deem that we are wise;
Whereas we are but very dull and blind!
For what are trifling faults—a noisy tone,
A broken platter, or a missing hat?

Can we not foster love so passionate,
Yet gently chide? Alas! why be so prone
To silence lips so loving, or to make
The little heart e'en for a moment ache
Because our nerves are jarred? How soon
we lose

Perception of the treasure of its love!
Shock our fastidious sense, and we refuse
The love that fills the little heart with joy
—the solace that could half our griefs
remove.

Spectator.

IN CAPRI.

TO MISS SYBIL HAYS.

OFF to this isle when earth was young
Were men beguiled,
For here the Sirens harped and sung,
Or Circe smiled;

And seamen from their wandering decks
Through golden air
Saw waving arms and bending necks,
And flower-crowned hair;

And vainly, strenuous to be wise,
These urged the oar,
Turned to the shining main their eyes,
And shunned this shore.

And now, though those who charmed are fled,
The charm endures;
The eternal temptress is not dead,
Still lulls and lures.

Yes, Nature here draws close to man
With lenient eyes,
Dissolves with tender touch the ban
Of griefs and sighs:

Bids him forget what things have been,
Life's toil and strain,
Her phantom flash of days serene,
Her births of pain:

Bids him forget what yet must be,
What Fate delays,
The roaring of the angered sea,
The tempest's blaze.

And some will listen to her lure,
Some turn aside
Wrapped in the robe austere and pure
Of stoic pride.

But we, whom gracious Chance has brought
To this soft shore,
Do well to slack the chain of thought,
Nor look before;

For Care creeps on with treacherous feet,
And Time is strong,
Nor ever dream on earth was sweet
Which lived too long.

This I have learn'd, this you shall learn
When these bright days
Look pale as sinking stars which burn
Through twilight haze.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Capri, April, 1838.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

I DO not ask remembrance in your hours
Busy and full,
Bearing such gifts to others, rich in powers
For use and rule.

Check not the current of your life, that breaks
Joyous and strong,
To hearken where some haunting memory
speaks
Like a sad song.

But when the dusk is creeping, and the dew
Lies on the hill,
When the first star is trembling through the
blue
Remote and still;

When from the lilies steals a breath so faint,
It thrills like pain,
And, hushing into peace Day's long com-
plaint,
Night falls again;

Oh then one moment be the present fled!
Think of past days,
And that sweet summer that so strangely led
In one our ways;

When I was yours in every pulse and thought,
And you too seemed
To give back something of the gift I brought,
Or—so I dreamed!

And know that as it then was with me, sweet,
So is it still:
That a life's love is waiting at your feet,
Whene'er you will.

Macmillan's Magazine.

M. M. M.

From The Scottish Review.

EMERSON, THE THINKER.*

SINCE Emerson's death we have had three charming monographs illustrating his life and career; these are the "Memoir" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the series of "American Men of Letters;" "The Life, Writings, and Philosophy of Emerson," by George Willis Cooke; and "Emerson at Home and Abroad," by Moncure Daniel Conway. Other essays have, of course, appeared, notably those of Arnold, Morley, Whipple, and Ireland. But the latter have been more in the way of reminiscence and criticism than of biography. We have now the legal life of the poet and idealist, written by James Elliot Cabot, the life-long friend and literary executor of Mr. Emerson. Mr. Cabot was well equipped for his task, having at different times materially assisted the subject of his memoir, in the preparation and arrangement of his lectures and addresses for the press. The book is largely made up of extracts from Emerson's journal and private letters. These tell their own story, and though the life which they describe was uneventful in a measure, as a poet's life perhaps ought to be, still the book possesses much real interest to the general reader. Mr. Cabot attempts no critical estimate of his hero's work. He leaves that task for the sharpened stiletto of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the Sainte-Beuve of English literature. And, on the other hand, he does not destroy the perfect harmony of events by fulsome adulation of the chief actor in them. His work is judiciously done, and of the eight hundred pages before us the reader will not willingly skip a line. Some may think that too much stress is paid to the tran-

scendentalism of Emerson, and his struggles with religious belief. But it must not be forgotten that the new religion in its day tinged and influenced the whole thought and movement of the best intellects of America. Frothingham was an apostle of his teachings, Ripley gave up all that he had for it, and even sold his library to help its growth and development. Whittier espoused it, and Lowell wrote some of his sincerest papers for the *Dial*, the organ of the movement. Margaret Fuller was bewitched by it, Sylvester Judd published his novel of "Margaret" as an illustration of the creed, and Theodore Parker, and Curtis, and Hawthorne, had their warmest sympathies awakened by it. Even George Bancroft believed that the new faith would live. Of all that famous group of New England singers and thinkers, Bronson Alcott alone remains staunch to his early principles. The idea, after saturating the life-work of its teachers and disciples, quietly died away, and to-day it is merely a memory. No one doubts the sincerity of those who took it up, and demanded so much for it. As a religion, it promised its devotees more than Kant, or Fichte, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, ever dreamed of granting. But its growth was so rapid that its promoters were surprised and startled. From the rocket at last, however, came the stick.

Mr. Cabot, as we have indicated, emphasizes this period in Emerson's life, as well as his experiences in the pulpit. We have much of the preacher, and too little, it may be said, of the poet and philosopher. But the reader will be thankful for the copious accounts of the man, the lecturer, and the traveller. In his time, Emerson was a conspicuous force in the letters and mental activity of his country. His fame extended to Europe. A future generation must determine his place in literature.

He was the outcome of eight generations of orthodox preachers. His father was the Rev. William Emerson, and he was born on the 25th of May, 1803, in Summer Street, Boston, Mass. His home was an austere one, though perfect sympathy existed in the family circle, and the

* 1. *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. By JAMES ELLIOT CABOT.

2. *The Life, Writings, and Philosophy of Emerson*. By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

3. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

4. *Emerson at Home and Abroad*. By MONCURE D. CONWAY.

5. *Ralph Waldo Emerson, a Biographical Sketch*. By ALEXANDER IRELAND.

6. *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Edited by Prof. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

7. *Transcendentalism in New England*. By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM.

four brothers, William, Ralph, Edward, and Charles, bore only the kindest relations towards one another. Ralph was under three years of age when his school-days began. He had only been two months at Miss Whitwell's school, when his father wrote, "Ralph does not read very well yet." In 1813 he entered the Latin school. A fellow-student, Dr. Furness, says of his friend:—

We were at the Boston Latin School together. From 11 to 12 every day we went to a private school kept by Mr. Webb, master of one of the public Grammar schools. After the public school was dismissed, Mr. Webb had a few boys who came to him, chiefly to learn to write. Ralph and I used to sit together, I can see him now at his copy-book; quite a laborious operation it appeared, as his tongue worked up and down with his pen. But then, thank Heaven! he never had any talent for anything, — nothing put pure genius, which talents would have overlaid. Then it was that he wrote verses on the naval victories of the war of 1812. He wrote in verse also a history or romance — or was it an epic? — entitled, "Fortus," which I have a dim remembrance of having illustrated. I think Waldo repaid my admiration of his verses with his for my pictures. He was rather jealous of any amendments that I ventured to suggest. At the Latin School his favorite piece for declamation was from the "Pleasures of Hope," "Warsaw's Last Champion," etc. This passage is a telephone to my ears. I hear the ringing of his voice.

In 1817 he entered Harvard College, and was graduated four years later. He had early felt the pinch of poverty, and he went to college as president's freshman (page), and waiter at commons. As president's freshman, he had his lodging free of charge, in the president's house, and his duty was to summon delinquents, and to announce to the students the orders of the faculty. For waiting at commons, three-fourths of the cost of his board was remitted. He was well liked by professors and classmates. Mathematics had no charm for him, but Chaucer, Montaigne, and Plato were ever in his hands. Before leaving college he tried school-teaching, but he was disgusted with the occupation, and when he took it up again, after concluding his studies, he felt the same

distaste, regarding the episode of school-keeping as the one gloomy passage in his life. "A hopeless schoolmaster," he calls himself, "toiling through this miserable employment without even the poor satisfaction of discharging it well; for the good suspect me, and the geese dislike me." But Emerson was a much better schoolmaster than he was disposed to admit. He spent three years in teaching, much as he disliked it, and his earnings from that source were very good, far beyond his personal needs. Like all boys he had a dream. To be a brilliant pulpit orator, swaying multitudes with his eloquence, and bringing men nearer to God, was the ideal career that he had marked out for himself. To achieve that end he studied theology, but as the years passed away doubts and misgivings found their way to his heart, and the boyish vision grew more and more dim. His journals show his discouragements and disappointments. However, he was not the man to draw back. In 1824 he joined the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., and in October, 1826, having been "approved to preach," he delivered his first public sermon at Waltham, in Mr. Samuel Ripley's pulpit. The three divisions of this sermon were — 1. Men are always praying; 2. All their prayers are granted; 3. We must beware, then, what we ask. The idea was suggested by a laborer whom he had seen working in the fields. Though rude, says Emerson, he had some deep thoughts. Ill health sent the young preacher to South Carolina and Florida for a time. The change helped him wonderfully, and he returned North, and preached for a few weeks at the First Church, and later at Northampton and New Bedford. In February, 1829, he was selected as the colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jun., of the Second Church in Boston. In March he was ordained, but it was not long afterwards that his mind experienced that change which produced so marked an effect on his life. He no longer felt that the pulpit was his place. Preaching became irksome to him. His theological views drifted more and more out of harmony with the old orthodoxy of his fathers, and mental troubles, and ill-

ness in his family, made him despondent. He was nearing the end of his career as a minister of the gospel, but before the blow fell, he met Ellen Louisa Tucker, the lovely daughter of a Boston merchant, whose hand he espoused after a brief engagement. She was a lady of great charm of manner and beauty. Her spirits were gay and buoyant, so buoyant, in fact, that none of her friends suspected that she was suffering from an incurable and malignant malady. In September the marriage took place, and Emerson felt that he had reached the zenith of earthly happiness. But happy as he was, he feared that it would not hold, and he wrote to his aunt, "There's an apprehension of reverse always arising from success." And yet Emerson was not the one to borrow trouble as a rule; but he could not shake off the forebodings which pressed heavily on his heart. Meanwhile, he went on with his preaching, charming the young hearers of the congregation, and shocking those older men and women who thought his discourses unsanctified because they were unconventional and untheological in style. Dr. Hedge praises their simplicity, and says that Emerson won his first admirers in the pulpit. Still, as a pastor, he does not appear to have been successful. His biographer says of him:—

As to his performance of the other pastoral duties—the visiting of the sick or the well, and generally his personal and social relations to his flock, Emerson says of himself, that he did not excel, like Dr. Charles Lowell, in "domiciliaries," and Dr. Charles Robbins, his successor at the Second Church, had a story of some Revolutionary veteran on his death-bed summoning the minister for the appropriate consolations, and rising in his wrath when Emerson showed some hesitation, as he thought, at handling his spiritual weapons: "Young man, if you don't know your business, you had better go home." Dr. William Hague, also, minister of the First Baptist Church in Hanover Street when Emerson was at the Old North, says that once when Emerson was to take part with him in a funeral service, the sexton said that "while Mr. Emerson's people think so highly of him, he does not make his best impression at a funeral; in fact, he does not seem to be at ease at all, but rather shy and retiring; to tell the

truth, in my opinion that young man was not born to be a minister."

The beautiful wife continued to droop and pine. The husband watched over her tenderly, hoping against hope. At times the courage she displayed cheered him a little. But the harsh spring winds proving too severe, a second sojourn at the South was proposed. While preparing for the journey, Mrs. Emerson died. Twelve months later, in 1832, at the close of his third year as incumbent of the Second Church, Emerson determined to break off his connection with his charge. He had been gradually reaching the climax, and declared plainly "that he could not regard any longer the rite of the Lord's Supper as a sacrament, established by Christ for his followers in all ages." Provided the use of the elements was dispensed with, and the rite made one merely of commemoration, he was willing to continue the service, but on no other conditions. His proposal was referred to a select committee, which met and finally reported that they had entire confidence in their pastor, but declined to advise any change. The precise nature of the rite they did not feel disposed to discuss. This left the question to Emerson alone for solution. He went to the White Hills to think it over, and to decide whether he would resign the pastorate or continue to administer the communion as usual. While there, he enters in his journal:—

The Communicant celebrates, on a foundation either of authority or of tradition, an ordinance which has been the occasion to thousands,—I hope to thousands of thousands,—of contrition, of gratitude, of prayer, of faith, of love, of holy living. Far be it from any of my friends—God forbid it be in my heart—to interrupt any occasion thus blessed of God's influences upon the human mind. I will not, because we may not all think alike of the means, fight so strenuously against the means as to miss of the end which we all value alike. I think Jesus did not mean to institute a perpetual celebration, but that a commemoration of him would be useful. Others think that Jesus did establish this use. We are agreed that one is useful, and we are agreed, I hope, in the way in which it must be made useful, namely, by each one making it an original commemoration. I know very well

that it is a bad sign in a man to be too conscientious and stick at gnats. The most desperate scoundrels have been the over-refiners.

He could not consent to withdraw his opinion, and, on his return, he preached the remarkable sermon in which he resigned his charge. His people were very loth to part with him, and an attempt was made to arrive at some arrangement by which he could remain, but nothing came of it.

The death of his wife, his mental torture, and the severance of the tie which bound him to a congregation that he loved with all his heart, so undermined his health, that a journey to Europe was advised. Addressing a farewell letter to his people, he sailed out of Boston harbor on Christmas day, 1832, in the brig *Jasper*, and on the 2nd of February he landed at Malta. His letters and journal are full of his impressions of Malta, of Sicily, of Italy, and of England. At Rome he admired most the pictures, the antiquities, and the churches. Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Andrea Sacchi's "Vision of Romuald" never passed out of his mind. He left the Eternal City on Shakespeare's birthday, and journeyed to Florence, admiring the Duomo, "set down like an archangel's tent in the midst of the city." He dined and breakfasted with Walter Savage Landor, who, he writes to his brother Charles, "did not quite show the same calibre in conversation as in his books." Venice he arrived at on the 1st of June, and soon had enough of the "city for beavers," which made him feel that he was in prison and solitary. "It is," he writes, "as if you were always at sea." The 20th of the month saw him at Paris, the most hospitable of cities. He went to the Sorbonne, and heard Jouffroy, Thénard, and Gay Lussac. Mme. Mars he saw in Delavigne's "Les Enfants d'Edouard." On the 4th July he dined with General Lafayette and one hundred Americans.

The visit to England was rich in interest to Emerson. He arrived in London on the 21st of July. It was Sunday, and he went to St. Paul's. Mr. Cabot says:—

He stayed in London about three weeks; visited Coleridge, as he has related in "English Traits," and saw a few other persons, among them Dr. Bowring, who took him to see Bentham's house, and made him remark that there were but two chairs in the apartment where he received his guests, as it was his invariable rule to receive but one at a time—a rule which seemed to Emerson worthy of universal adoption by men of letters. Also John Stuart Mill, who gave him a card (which,

however, he never delivered) introducing him to Carlyle. . . . He preached in Edinburgh, Mr. Ireland tells us, with great acceptance, at the Unitarian Chapel; and a week later, having meantime made a little tour towards the Highlands—spoiled by constant rain, "since the scenery of a shower bath must always be much the same,"—drove across from Dumfries to Craigenputtock, where Carlyle had been living for the last five years, and spent the afternoon and night there. He writes next day in his journal: "*Carlisle in Cumberland, Aug. 26.* I am just arrived in merry Carlisle from Dumfries. A white day in my years. I found the youth I sought in Scotland—and good and wise and pleasant he seems to me, and his wife a most accomplished, agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiableness than is in his countenance."

"That man," Carlyle said to Lord Houghton, "came to see me. I don't know what brought him, and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel."

To Emerson the interview was a happy one, and gratified the chief wish he had in coming to England; though he did not find all that he had sought. He had been looking for a master; but in the deepest matters Carlyle, he found, had nothing to teach him. "My own feeling," he says in a letter to Mr. Ireland a few days afterwards, "was that I had met with men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious ruth." But he had come close to the affectionate nature and the nobility of soul that lay behind the cloud of whim and dyspepsia, and he kept to that; and, for the rest, confined his expectations thenceforth to what Carlyle had to give. "The greatest power of Carlyle," he afterwards wrote, "like that of Burke, seems to me to reside rather in the form. Neither of them is a poet, born to announce the will of the god, but each has a splendid rhetoric to clothe the truth."

On his way to Liverpool he stopped at Rydal Mount and paid his respects to Wordsworth, whom he found "ever young" and calmly reciting his own sonnets. Emerson's first lectures in England were on natural science, a department of thought at which in his early days he looked rather askance, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says. His papers were, in a measure, successful. On the fourth of September he sailed from Liverpool for New York, and on arriving home he rejoined his mother at Newton, Mass. A year later mother and son went to reside at Concord, and in 1835 Emerson became engaged to Lydia Jackson of Plymouth, whose name he changed to that of Lidian.

Of his journey to his bride's home to get married we have this account:—

A lady, then a little girl, who accompanied him as far as Boston on his drive, remembers that the stable-keeper, no doubt in honor of the bridal journey, had furnished him for the occasion with a pair of new reins of yellow webbing. Emerson noticing them, stopped at the stable and had them changed. "Why, child, the Pilgrims of Old Plymouth will think we have stopped by the wayside and gathered golden-rods to weave the reins with." The marriage took place at the Winslow House, a well-preserved colonial mansion belonging to Miss Jackson, who had proposed that they should live there. But he could not leave Concord. "I must win you," he writes to her during their engagement, "to love it. I am born a poet—of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, to be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the correspondences between these and those. A sunset, a forest, a snowstorm, a certain river view, are more to me than many friends, and do ordinarily divide my day with my books. Wherever I go, therefore, I guard and study my rambliing propensities. . . . Now Concord is only one of a hundred towns in which I could find these necessary objects. But Plymouth, I fear, is not one. Plymouth is streets." As if there were no woods or sunsets in Plymouth! But the attractions of Concord were too strong. In Concord, accordingly, they set up house-keeping; Emerson got his study arranged, and settled down to the manners of life from which he never afterwards departed. There was a small flower-garden already laid out, in which Mrs. Emerson established her favorite plants from Plymouth; and there was also a vegetable garden, where Emerson began his husbandry, leaving his study to do a little work there every day. While thus engaged one day in the following spring, one of his townsmen came to warn him that a stray pig was doing mischief in the neighboring grounds. He then learned that he had been appointed one of the hog-reeves for the year, according to the town custom, which pointed out newly-married men as particularly eligible for that office.

Emerson, though he had left his church, continued to preach at intervals until 1847, when he abandoned the function altogether. "Leaving the pulpit," he interpreted to mean the renunciation of all claim to priestly authority. His sermons numbered, in all, one hundred and seventy-one. Of these two only were ever printed, viz., the sermon at the ordination of the Rev. H. B. Goodwin, in 1830, and the discourse on the Lord's Supper, at the Second Church, when he gave up his charge. It was his wish that the others

should remain in manuscript. The office of minister had its attractions for him. He loved the Sunday service, and was ever ready as a layman to read a sermon. In his journal, he writes on this: "A new audience, a new Sabbath, affords an opportunity of communicating thought and moral excitement that shall surpass all previous experience, that shall constitute an epoch, a revolution in the minds on whom you act, and in your own." It was intimated to him, later, that a church would be offered to him in New Bedford. He sent word that he must stipulate that he should not be expected to administer the communion, nor to offer prayer unless he felt moved to do so. Of course, to such terms, the church could not agree. He lectured a good deal about this time on natural-history subjects and speculative philosophy. These thoughts afterwards found a place in his books. His fame as a speaker extended throughout the whole of the American Union, and he soon found his time fully occupied at the Lyceum. After completing a course at Boston, he went to Providence to deliver the same series. His lecture on "Religion" had excited so much feeling in Boston, that he decided to omit it from his list, but the people of Providence insisted on having it read to them. At the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Farley, he consented to do this, and read the lecture before a small audience, in a private room. Farley asked him to preach for him, and on Sunday he accepted the invitation, selecting, from Greenwood's collection, hymns of a purely meditative character, without any distinctively Christian expression. For the Scripture lesson he read a passage from Ecclesiasticus, and from the same book he took his text. The sermon was like one of his lectures, the prayers were simply meditations on nature, beauty, order, goodness, love, and wholly without supplication. The congregation was very large. On returning home, Dr. Farley found Emerson with his head bowed on his hands, which were resting on his knees. He looked up and said, "Now tell me plainly, honestly, just what you think of that service." Dr. Farley replied that before he was half through he had made up his mind that it was the last time he should have that pulpit. "You are right," he rejoined, "and I thank you. On my part, before I was half through I felt out of place. The doubt is solved."

Emerson, as far back as 1837, was an Abolitionist, preaching and lecturing against slavery, though he was not so

strong an apostle of the movement as Garrison or Whittier. His life was now spent happily. He read many books to his wife, wrote letters and kept up his literary work with astonishing industry. In 1847 he decided on making a second visit to Europe. The account of his journeyings there, and of the eminent people whom he saw, forms a most interesting part of Mr. Cabot's book. The visit proved a great social success, and Emerson went the rounds of the literary, artistic, and scientific circles, dining and breakfasting everywhere. We have a kindly picture of Carlyle and his wife, different far from Mr. Froude's ungracious portrait, and one which we would rather keep in our hearts. Emerson went at once to the home of his friend at Chelsea. Years before he had seen him at Craigenputtock, in that rude house, "amid desolate heather hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart," and he remembered the talk they had had about books and men, and he longed to grasp again the hand of the brave thinker. The door was opened by Jane Carlyle, and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the entry.

They were very little changed [he writes] from their old selves of fourteen years ago, when I left them at Craigenputtock. "Well," said Carlyle, "here we are, shovelled together again." The floodgates of his talk are quickly opened and the river is a great and constant stream. We had large communication that night until nearly one o'clock, and at breakfast next morning it began again. At noon or later we went together, Carlyle and I, to Hyde Park and the palaces, about two miles from here, to the National Gallery, and to the Strand—Carlyle melting all Westminster and London down into his talk and laughter as he walked. We came back to dinner at five or later, then Carlyle came in and spent the evening, which again was long by the clock, but had no other measures. Here in this house we breakfast about 9; Carlyle is very apt, his wife says, to sleep till 10 or 11, if he has no company. An immense talker he is, and altogether as extraordinary in his conversation as in his writing—I think even more so. You will never discover his real vigor and range, or how much more he might do than he has ever done, without seeing him. I find my few hours' discourse with him in Scotland, long since, gave me not enough knowledge of him, and I have now at last been taken by surprise. . . . Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Nothing could be more engaging than their ways, and in her book-case all his books are inscribed to her, as they came, from year to year, each with some significant lines.

In another place he writes :—

I had good talk with Carlyle last night. He says over and over for years, the same thing. Yet his guiding genius is his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice, and he too says that there is properly no religion in England. He is quite contemptuous about *Kunst* also, in Germans, or English or Americans. . . . His sneers and scoffs are thrown in every direction. He breaks every sentence with a scoffing laugh—"windbag," "monkey," "donkey," "bladder;" and let him describe whom he will, it is always "poor fellow." I said: "What a fine fellow you are, to bespatter the whole world with this oil of vitriol!" "No man," he replied, "speaks truth to me." I said: "See what a crowd of friends listen to and admire you." "Yes, they come to hear me, and they read what I write; but not one of them has the smallest intention of doing these things."

Emerson met George Bancroft and his wife, and they drove him to Rogers's house, where the poet received them with "cold, quiet, indiscriminate politeness." Afterwards he breakfasted at this famous house, where he encountered some distinguished people. At Edinburgh he was presented to David Scott, the painter—"a noble stoic"—to whom he sat for a portrait. Wilson, too, he saw, and Lord Jeffrey and Dr. Brown. Of De Quincey he says :—

De Quincey is a small old man of seventy years, with a very handsome face, and a face, too, expressing the highest refinement; a very gentle old man, speaking with the greatest deliberation and softness, and so refined in speech and manners as to make quite indifferent his extremely plain and poor dress. For the old man, summoned by message on Saturday by Mrs. Crowe to this dinner, had walked on this stormy, muddy Sunday ten miles from Lasswade, where his cottage is, and was not yet dry, and though Mrs. Crowe's hospitality is comprehensive and minute, yet she had no pantaloons in her house. Here De Quincey is very serene and happy among just these friends where I found him; for he has suffered in all ways and lived the life of a wretch for many years, but Samuel Brown and Mrs. C. and one or two more have saved him from himself, and defended him from bailiffs and a certain Fury of a Mrs. Macbold (I think it is), whom he yet shudders to remember, and from opium; and he is now clean, clothed, and in his right mind. He talked of many matters, all easily and well, but chiefly social and literary; and did not venture into any voluminous music. When they first agreed, at my request, to invite him to dine, I fancied some figure like the organ of York Minster would appear. In *titie à titie*, I am told, he sometimes soars and indulges himself, but not often in company. He invited me to dine with him on the following Saturday at Lasswade, where

he lives with his three daughters, and I accepted.

Professor Wilson he heard lecture to the students on moral philosophy. "He is a big man, gross and tall, with long hair and much beard, dressed large and slouching. His lecture had really no merit." Jeffrey he describes as being very talkative and disputatious, every sentence interlarded with a French phrase, and speaking a dialect of his own, neither English nor Scotch, marked with a certain *petitesse*, as one might well say, and an affected elegance. Dining with De Quincey the next day, he found him surrounded by his three pleasant daughters. They had a good deal of talk, and after dinner De Quincey went to Edinburgh with Emerson, and heard him lecture. Helen Faucit, the actress, "who is a beauty," Sir William Allan, the painter, "Walter Scott's friend," and Dr. Simpson, were all presented to Emerson. And the next night he met at tea De Quincey and Miss Faucit, where they saw Antigone at their ease. Robert Chambers offered to take him to see the crypts of the town, but this he had to give up, being pressed for time. On his way to London he stayed two days with Harriet Martineau, and spent an hour and a half with Wordsworth. In London, he was elected into the Athenæum Club, during his stay in England, and this honor he highly prized. He writes:—

Milnes and other good men are always to be found there. Milnes is the most good-natured man in England, made of sugar; he is everywhere and knows everything. He told of Landor that one day, in a towering passion, he threw his cook out of the window, and then presently exclaimed, "Good God, I never thought of those poor violets!" The last time he saw Landor he found him expatiating on our custom of eating in company, which he esteems very barbarous. He eats alone, with half-closed windows, because the light interferes with the taste. He has lately heard of some tribe in Crim Tartary who have the practice of eating alone, and these he extols as much superior to the English. . . . Macaulay is the king of diners-out. I do not know when I have seen such wonderful vivacity. He has the strength of ten men, immense memory, fun, fire, learning, politics, manners, and pride, and talks all the time in a steady torrent. You would say he was the best type of England.

He dined at the Barings, where his fellow-guests were Lord and Lady Ashburton, Lord Auckland, Carlyle, Milnes, Thackeray, and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). Charles Buller came in

the evening to call on him. Further we find in his diary:—

April 2—Yesterday night I went to the *soirée* of the Marquis of Northampton, where may be found all the *savants* who are in London. Here I saw Prince Albert, to whom Dr. Buckland was showing some microscopic phenomena. The prince is handsome and courteous, and I watched him for some moments across the table as a person of much historical interest. Here I saw Mantell, Captain Sabine, Brown, the great botanist, Crabbe Robinson (who knew all men, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, Madame de Staël, and Goethe), Sir Charles Fellowes, who brought home the Lycian Marbles, and many more. Then I went by an invitation sent me through Milnes, to Lady Palmerston's, and saw quite an illustrious collection, such as only London and Lord Palmerston could collect; princes and high foreigners; Bunsen; Rothschild (that London proverb), in flesh and blood; Disraeli, to whom I was presented, and had with him a little talk; Macaulay; Mr. Cowper, a very courteous gentleman, son of Lady Palmerston, with whom I talked much; and many distinguished dames, some very handsome. Last Sunday I dined at Mr. Bancroft's with Lady Morgan and Mrs. Jameson, and accepted Lady Morgan's invitation for the next evening to tea. At her house I found, beside herself (who is a sort of fashionable or London edition of Aunt Mary; the vivacity, the wit, the admirable preservation of social powers, being retained, but the high moral genius being left out), Mrs. Gore, of the fashionable novels, a handsome Lady Molesworth, a handsome, sensible Lady Louisa Tennyson, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Conyngham, a friend of John Sterling's, and others.

Pray, after this ostentation of very fashionable acquaintances, do you believe that my rusticities are smoothed down, and my bad manners mended? Not in the smallest degree. I have not acquired the least facility, nor can hope to. But I do not decline these opportunities, as they are all valuable to me, who would, at least, know how that other half of the world lives, though I cannot and would not live with them. I find the greatest simplicity of speech and manners among these people; great directness, but I think the same (or even greater) want of high thought as you would notice in a fashionable circle in Boston. Yes, greater. But then I know these people very superficially.

I saw Tennyson, first at the house of Coventry Patmore, where we dined together. I was contented with him at once. He is tall and scholastic looking, no dandy, but a great deal of plain strength about him, and though cultivated, quite unaffected. Quiet, sluggish sense and thought; refined, as all English are, and good-humored. There is in him an air of great superiority that is very satisfactory. He lives with his college set, . . . and has the air of one who is accustomed to be petted and

indulged by those he lives with. Take away Hawthorne's bashfulness, and let him talk easily and fast, and you would have a pretty good Tennyson. I told him that his friends and I were persuaded that it was important to his health an instant visit to Paris, and that I was to go on Monday if he was ready. He was very good-humored, and affected to think that I should never come back alive from France; it was death to go. But he had been looking for two years for somebody to go to Italy with, and was ready to set out at once, if I would go there. . . . He gave me a cordial invitation to his lodgings (in Buckingham Place), where I promised to visit him before I went away. . . . I found him at home in his lodgings, but with him was a clergyman whose name I did not know, and there was no conversation. He was sure again that he was taking a final farewell of me, as I was going among the French bullets, but promised to be in the same lodgings if I should escape alive. . . . Carlyle thinks him the best man in England to smoke a pipe with, and used to see him much; had a place in his little garden, on the wall, where Tennyson's pipe was laid up.

After this, Emerson saw Paris, and returned in June to begin his course of lectures, which were only fairly successful pecuniarily, and disappointing in a degree to the author. He wrote often to his wife and friends, telling of his progress on the platform, and of the people he continued to meet. The Duchess of Sutherland was very gracious and invited him to Stafford House, where he lunched and looked at the pictures. Lady Byron, whom he saw at Mrs. Jameson's, appeared quiet and sensible, with this merit among others, she never mentioned the name of her lord or her connection with him. The world she allowed to discuss her supposed griefs or joys in silence. Leigh Hunt proved a very agreeable talker, gentle and full of anecdote. The "young and friendly" Duke of Argyll was his guide through Stafford House. "I have seen nothing so sumptuous as was all this," he writes to his sister Elizabeth. "One would so gladly forget that there was anything else in England than these golden chambers, and the high and gentle people who walk in them! May the grim Revolution with his iron hand — if come he must — come slowly and late to Stafford House, and deal softly with its inmates."

Of his lecturing tour in England, we have these impressions: —

I am a wanderer on the face of this island, and am so harried by this necessity of reading lectures — which, if accepted, must be accepted in manner and quantity not desirable — that I shall not now for a fortnight or three weeks have time to write any good gossip,

you may be sure. What reconciles me to the clatter and routine is the very excellent opportunity it gives me to see England. I see men and things in each town in a close and domestic way. I see the best of the people, hitherto never the proper aristocracy, which is a stratum of society quite out of sight and out of mind here on all ordinary occasions — the merchants, the manufacturers, the scholars, the thinkers, men and women — in a very sincere and satisfactory conversation. I am everywhere a guest. Never call me solitary or Ishmaelite again. I began here by refusing invitations to *stay* at private houses, but now I find an invitation in every town and accept it, to be at home. I have now visited Preston, Leicester, Chesterfield, Birmingham, since I returned from Nottingham and Derby, of which I wrote you, and have found the same profuse kindness in all. My admiration and my love of the English rise day by day. I receive, too, a great many private letters, offering me house and home in places yet unvisited. You must not think that any change has come over me, and that my awkward and porcupine manners are ameliorated by English air; but these civilities are all offered to that discerning writer, who, it seems, has really beguiled many young people here, as he did at home, into some better hope than he could realize for them. A manly ability, a general sufficiency, is the genius of the English. They have not, I think, the special and acute fitness to their employment that Americans have, but a man is a man here; a quite costly and respectable production in his own and in all other eyes.

After his return home, Emerson lectured on England in the Western States. Seven years later "English Traits" appeared. For twenty years he devoted the winter months to lecturing, his notes afterwards finding their way into volumes of essays. In the anti-slavery conflict, he behaved well, acting honorably throughout, though many thought that he might easily have done more for the cause at the start, and given the leaders the influence of his pen and speech. Hesitancy as to the extent to which he should go, did not last long, and he boldly plunged into the breach, fighting well and dealing heavy blows. From the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850, to the emancipation of Lincoln, Emerson's journals show the growth and development of his sympathies in the crusade against the slave-holder. John Brown, he characterized as that "new saint, than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict and death, — the new saint awaiting his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." This speech spoiled Emerson's welcome in Philadelphia, and the

invitation which had been sent to him to lecture, was withdrawn. Wendell Phillips asked him to speak in Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1861, but the mob roared so lustily that he could not be heard, and he retired pained and much moved. During the Civil War, his voice was often heard in the North, and his pen was in active use. The beginning of the year 1862 found him in financial straits. From his books not a penny had been received since June of the previous year. No dividends had reached him from the banks, or from his wife's Plymouth property. There was no income to be expected from lecturing, the Lyceum having practically closed. His constant study was to pay three or four hundred dollars with fifty. Altogether he was in a bad way, and rigid economy was his only course. In 1863 he tried lecturing again, and the president appointed him one of the visitors of the Military Academy at West Point. From that time he got on better. The Saturday Club was formed in Boston, Emerson, with Dr. Holmes, Professor Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, and other leaders of thought, being among the original members. Once a month they dined together, usually in the afternoon, at Parker's, each member with liberty to bring guests, and coming in morning dress, "no white chokers, and without 'smarting up,'" as Dr. Holmes puts it in a private note, before me. The talk at these important gatherings was always charming. It could scarcely be otherwise, for the company was genial, and Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, James T. Fields, Whipple, Parkman, Norton, Edward E. Hale, Emerson, and James Freeman Clarke were often present. Emerson enjoyed the meetings greatly, and went frequently to them, but we find little about the club and its members in his journals. Holmes describes him as sitting "generally near the Longfellow end of the table, talking in low tones, and carefully measured utterances to his neighbor, or listening, and recording any stray word worth remembering on his mental phonograph." Dr. Holmes also says, in his paper before the Massachusetts Historical Society, "Emerson was sparing of words, but used them with great precision and nicety. If he had been followed about by a shorthand-writing Boswell, every sentence he ever uttered might have been preserved. To hear him talk was like watching one crossing a brook on stepping-stones. His noun had to wait for its verb or its adjective until he was ready; then his speech would come down upon the

word he wanted, and not Worcester or Webster could better it from all the wealth of their huge vocabularies." This hesitancy of speech became worse as he grew older. Frequently the names of persons or things escaped him, and he had often to stop short in his talk, until they came to him again. Mr. Cabot remembers seeing him get up at a dinner of the Saturday Club to speak on Shakespeare. "He looked about him tranquilly for a minute or two, and then sat down, serene and unabashed, but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his own thoughts from boyhood."

The close of the war found him identified with Harvard University. He was a regular lecturer there, and one of its overseers. In 1872 his house took fire, the neighbors rendered prompt assistance, saving most of the books, manuscripts, and furniture, but the house perished. A temporary study was set up in the court-house, but the philosopher, much shocked by the catastrophe, sailed for Europe, for a third time. During his absence, his friends rebuilt the house on exactly the same lines as it was before. He enjoyed the change of scene, the sea air proved a valuable tonic, and he visited in turn England, Scotland, Egypt, and France. The Nile disappointed him, and he was glad to return to England. On his way, he paused at Paris, where he saw the Lowells, Renan, Taine, James Cotter Morison, and Tourguenieff. Arriving in London, he breakfasted twice with Mr. Gladstone, at whose house he met Browning. Carlyle he saw for a brief moment, and at Oxford he was the guest of Max Müller. Jowett, of course, he saw, as well as Dodson, the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and Prince Leopold. He heard Ruskin lecture, and pronounces the effort "the model, both in matter and in manner, of what a lecture should be." In May he returned home, and was received at the station in Concord by the townspeople. Cabot says, "The whole town assembled, down to the babies in their wagons, and as the train emerged from the Walden Woods the engine sent forth a note of triumph, which was echoed by the cheers of the assemblage. Emerson appeared, surprised and touched, on the platform, and was escorted with music between the rows of smiling schoolchildren to his house, where a triumphal arch of leaves and flowers had been erected."

The last ten years of his life were passed very peacefully. He saw many people at his lovely Concord home, for he was hos-

pitable always, and ever took an interest in men and women. He read a paper occasionally, managing the task, at times, with something of his old skill and power, even when, says his biographer, "he retained but a slight recollection of what he had written, and would comment on it as if it were another person's." Mr. Cabot helped in the preparation of new editions of his books, and in the revision of new lectures and essays. He was failing very fast then. The change was coming. The old alertness and incisiveness were gone, but there was no confusion of ideas, and the objects of interest were what they always had been. He was often at a loss for a word, but no consciousness of this or of any other disability seemed to trouble him. Nor was there any appearance of effort to keep up the conversation, he liked, perhaps, to listen rather than to talk; he "listened and smiled," as a man might who was recovering from illness, and felt himself removed for a time from his ordinary activities, but he often talked freely. Towards the last, his books interested him only in a passive way, and he did not touch on literary matters often. A prolonged illness was spared him. On the 27th of April, 1882, he died of pneumonia.

The biographer has done his work faithfully, and with much modesty, but to our mind he gives us too little of the poet. Emerson is exhibited in a strong and bold light as a man of deep religious feeling, with a theology of limited breadth. The author shows him at his best; as a moral and social philosopher, as a lecturer of surprisingly brilliant parts, and as a traveller seeking men rather than investigating countries. Emerson's poetry has never been sure of a wide circle of readers. It is thoughtful but not always clear, and laborious effort is needed often to grasp the full meaning of the poet. Ripley said that it is Emerson's "subtle thinking and meditative wisdom which impart such a rich and substantial vitality to his verse." Stress in these volumes is paid to the transcendental period in Emerson's life. The contribution to the literature of that subject will serve a useful purpose, though the New England episode, to-day, has little of an attractive character for the general reader. Emerson, despite his marked individuality, leaves few followers. It is a question whether he has even founded a school. Readers he will always have. His genius had its limitations. Outside of a very small circle he made few intimate friends.

His character was high and noble, his disposition sympathetic and sweet, and his influence on men's minds for forty years was great and penetrating. In his particular department of mental activity he stood alone.

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE hackneyed joke about biographers adding a new terror to death holds still as good as ever. But biography can sometimes make a good case against her persecutors; and one of the instances which she would certainly adduce would be the instance of Sydney Smith. I more than suspect that his actual works are less and less read as time goes on, and that the brilliant virulence of "Peter Plymley," the even greater brilliance, not marred by virulence at all, of the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," the inimitable quips of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, are familiar, if they are familiar at all, only to the professed readers of the literature of the past, and perhaps to some intelligent newspaper men who find Sydney * to be what Fuseli pronounced Blake, "d—d good to steal from." But the life which Lady Holland, with her mother's and Mrs. Austin's aid, produced thirty-three years ago has had a different fate; and a fresh lease of popularity seems to have been secured by another life, published by Mr. Stuart Reid in 1883. This was partly abridged from the first and partly supplied with fresh matter by a new sifting of the documents which Lady Holland had used. Nor do the authors of these works, however great must be our gratitude to them, take to themselves any such share of the credit as is due to Boswell in the case of Johnson, to Lockhart in the case of Scott, to Carlyle in the case of Sterling. Neither is remarkable for any literary merit of writing or arrangement; and the latter of the two is marred by tedious digressions about the nobility of Sydney's cause and his principles. It is because both books let their subject reveal himself by familiar letters, scraps of journal, or conversation, and because the revelation of self is so full and so delightful, that Sydney Smith's

* To speak of him in this way is not impertinence or familiarity. He was most generally addressed as "Mr. Sydney," and his references to his wife are nearly always to "Mrs. Sydney," seldom or never to "Mrs. Smith."

immortality, now that the generation which actually heard him talk has all but disappeared, is still secured without the slightest fear of disturbance or decay. With a few exceptions (the Mrs. Partington business, the apologue of the dinners at the synod of Dort, "Noodle's Oration" and one or two more) the things by which Sydney is known to the general all come not from his works but from his life or lives. No one with any sense of fun can read the works without being delighted; but in the life and the letters the same qualities of wit appear with other qualities which in the works hardly appear at all. A person absolutely ignorant of anything but the works might possibly dismiss Sydney Smith (though certainly it would be a hard judgment) on the evidence as a brilliant but bitter and not too consistent partisan, who fought desperately against abuses when his party was out, and discovered that they were not abuses at all when his party was in. A reader of his life and of his private utterances knows him better, likes him better, and certainly does not admire him less.

He was born in 1771, the son of an eccentric and apparently rather provoking person, who for no assigned reason left his wife at the church door in order to wander about the world, and who maintained his vagabond principles so well that, as his granddaughter ruefully records, he, when he had after a fashion settled, bought, spent money on, and sold at a loss no less than nineteen different houses in England and Wales. Sydney was also the second of four clever brothers, the eldest and cleverest being the somewhat famous "Bobus," who co-operated in the "Microcosm" with Canning and Frere, survived his better-known brother but a fortnight, founded a family, and has left one of those odd reputations of immense talent not justified by any producible work, to which our English life of public schools, universities, and Parliament gives peculiar facilities. Bobus and Cecil the third brother were sent to Eton; Sydney and Courtenay, the fourth, to Winchester, after a childhood spent in precocious reading and arguing among themselves. From Winchester Sydney (of whose school-days some trifling but only trifling anecdotes are recorded) proceeded in regular course to New College, Oxford, and being elected of right to a fellowship, then worth about a hundred pounds a year, was left by his father to do for himself on that not extensive revenue. He did for himself at Oxford during the space of nine years; and

it is supposed that his straitened circumstances had something to do with his dislike for universities, which however was a kind of point of conscience among his Whig friends. It is at least singular that this residence of nearly a decade has left hardly a single story or recorded incident of any kind; and that though three generations of undergraduates passed through Oxford in his time, no one of them seems in later years to have had anything to say of not the least famous and one of the most sociable of Englishmen. At that time, it is true, and for long afterwards, the men of New College kept more to themselves than the men of any other college in Oxford; but still it is odd. Another little mystery is, why did Sydney take orders? Although there is not the slightest reason to question his being, according to his own standard, a very sincere and sufficient divine, it obviously was not exactly the profession for him. He is said to have wished for the bar, but to have deferred to his father's wishes for the church. That Sydney was an affectionate and dutiful son nobody need doubt; he was always affectionate and in his own way dutiful. But he is about the last man one can think of as likely to undertake an uncongenial profession out of high-flown dutifulness to a father who had long left him to his own resources, and who had neither influence nor prospects in the Church to offer him. The fellowship would have kept him, as it had kept him already, till briefs came. However, he did take orders; and the later life gives more particulars than the first as to the incumency which indirectly determined his career. It was the curacy of Netheravon on Salisbury Plain; and its almost complete seclusion was tempered by a kindly squire, Mr. Hicks-Beach, great-grandfather of the present president of the Board of Trade. Mr. Hicks-Beach offered Sydney the post of tutor to his eldest son; Sydney accepted it, started for Germany with his pupil, but (as he picturesquely though rather vaguely expresses it) "put into Edinburgh under stress of war" and stayed there for five years.

The sojourn at Edinburgh began in June, 1798; it ended in August, 1803. It will thus be seen that Sydney was by no means a very young man even when he commenced reviewing the year before leaving the Scotch capital. Indeed the aimless prolongation of his stay at Oxford, which brought him neither friends, money, nor professional experience of any kind threw him considerably behindhand all his

life; and this delay, much more than Tory persecution or Whig indifference, was the cause of the comparative slowness with which he made his way. His time at Edinburgh was, however, usefully spent even before that invention of the review, over which there is an amicable and unimportant dispute between himself and Jeffrey. His tutorship was so successful that Mr. Hicks-Beach rewarded it with a cheque for a thousand pounds; he did duty in the Episcopal churches of Edinburgh; he made friends with all the Whigs and many of the Tories of the place; he laughed unceasingly at Scotchmen and liked them very much. Also about the middle of his stay he got married, but not to a Scotch girl. His wife was Miss Catherine Pybus, of Cheam, and the marriage was as harebrained a one, from the point of view of settlements, as Jeffrey's. Sydney's settlement on his wife is well known; it consisted of "six small silver teaspoons much worn," with which worldly goods he did her literally endow by throwing them into her lap. It would appear that there never was a happier marriage; but it certainly seemed for some years as if there might have been many more prosperous in point of money. When Sydney moved to London he had no very definite prospect of any income whatever; and had not Mrs. Smith sold her mother's jewels (which came to her just at the time), they would apparently have had some difficulty in furnishing their house in Doughty Street. But Horner their friend (the "parish bull" of Scott's irreverent comparison) had gone to London before them, and impressed himself, apparently by sheer gravity, on the political world as a good young man. Introduced by him Sydney Smith soon became one of the circle at Holland House. It is indeed not easy to live on invitations and your mother-in-law's pearls; but Sydney reviewed vigorously, preached occasionally, before very long received a regular appointment at the Foundling Hospital, and made some money by lecturing very agreeably at the Royal Institution on moral philosophy—a subject of which he very honestly admits that he knew, in the technical sense, nothing. But his hearers did not want technical ethics, and in Sydney Smith they had a moral philosopher of the practical kind who could hardly be excelled either in sense or in wit. One little incident of this time, however, throws some light on the complaints which have been made about the delay of his promotion. He applied to a London rector to license

him to a vacant chapel, which had not hitherto been used for the services of the Church. The immediate answer has not been preserved; but from what followed it clearly was a civil and rather evasive but perfectly intelligible request to be excused. The man was of course quite within his right, and a dozen good reasons can be guessed for his conduct. He may really have objected, as he seems to have said he did, to do what his predecessors had refused to do, and what would either bind or hamper his successors. But Sydney would not take the refusal, and wrote another very logical but extremely injudicious letter pressing his request with much elaboration, and begging the worthy doctor of divinity to observe that he, the doctor, was guilty of inconsistency and other faults. Naturally this put the doctor's back up, and he now replied with a flat and very high and mighty refusal. Oddly enough another example of this inability to take no for an answer exists in Sydney Smith's correspondence. However, he obtained, besides his place at the Foundling, preachingships in two proprietary chapels, and seems to have had both business and pleasure enough on his hands during his London sojourn, which was about the same length as his Edinburgh one. It was, however, much much more profitable, for in three years the ministry of All the Talents came in, the Holland House interest was exerted, and the chancellor's living of Foston, near York, valued at five hundred pounds a year, was given to Sydney. He paid for it, after a fashion which in a less zealous and convinced Whig might seem a little dubious, by the famous lampoons of the "Plymley Letters," advocating the claims of Catholic emancipation, and extolling Fox and Grenville at the expense of Perceval and Canning. Very edifying is it to find Sydney Smith objecting to this latter that he is a "diner out," a "maker of jokes and parodies," a trifler on important subjects—in fact each and all of the things which the Rev. Sydney Smith himself was in a perfection only equalled by the object of his righteous wrath. But of Peter more presently.

Even his admiring biographers have noticed, with something of a chuckle, the revenge which Perceval, who was the chief object of Plymley's sarcasm, took, without in the least knowing it, on his lampooner. Had it not been for the Clergy Residence Bill, which that very respectable, if not very brilliant statesman passed in 1808, and which put an end to

perhaps the most flagrant of all then existing abuses, Sydney, the enemy of abuses, would no doubt have continued with a perfectly clear conscience to draw the revenues of Foston, and while serving it by a curate, to preach, lecture, dine out, and rebuke Canning for making jokes, in London. As it was he had to make up his mind, though he obtained a respite from the archbishop, to resign (which in the recurring frost of Whig hopes was not to be thought of), to exchange, which he found impossible, or to bury himself in Yorkshire. This was a real hardship upon him, because Foston, as it was, was uninhabitable, and had had no resident clergyman since the seventeenth century. But whatever bad things could be said of Sydney (and I really do not know what they are, except that the combination of a sharp wit, a ready pen, and strong political prejudices sometimes overpowered him), no one could say that he ever shirked either a difficulty or a duty. When his first three years' leave expired, he went down in 1809 with his family to York, and established himself at Heslington, a village near the city and not far from his parish. And when a second term of dispensation from actual residence was over, he set to work and built the snugest if the ugliest parsonage in England, with farm-buildings and all complete, at the cost of some four thousand pounds. Of the details of that building his own inimitable account exists, and is or ought to be well known. The brick-pit and kiln on the property, which were going to save fortunes and resulted in nothing but the production of exactly a hundred and fifty thousand unusable bricks; the four oxen, Tug, Lug, Haul, and Crawl, who were to be the instruments of another economy and proved to be, at least in Sydneian language, equal to nothing but the consumption of "buckets of sal volatile;" the entry of the distracted mother of the household on her new domains with a baby clutched in her arms and one shoe left in the circumambient mud; the great folks of the neighborhood (Lord and Lady Carlyle) coming to call graciously on the strangers and beingwhelmed, coach and four, outriders and all, in a ploughed field of despond; the "universal scratcher" in the meadows, inclined so as to let the brute creation of all heights enjoy that luxury; Bunch the butler, a female child of tender years but stout proportions; Annie Kay the factotum; the "Immortal," a chariot which was picked up at York in the last stage of decay, and carried the

family for many years half over England—all these things are told in divers delightful scraps of autobiography and in innumerable letters, after a fashion impossible to better and at a length too long to quote.

Sydney Smith was for more than twenty years rector of Foston, and for fully fifteen actually resided there. During this time he made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Grey, next to Lord and Lady Holland his most constant friends, visited a little, entertained in his own unostentatious but hearty fashion a great deal, wrote many articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, found himself in a minority of one or two among the clergy of Yorkshire on the subject of emancipation and similar matters, but was on the most friendly terms possible with his diocesan, Archbishop Vernon Harcourt. Nor was he even without further preferment, for he held for some years (on the then not discredited understanding of resignation when one of the Howards was ready for it) the neighboring and valuable living of Londesborough. Then the death of an aunt put an end to his monetary anxieties, which for years had been considerable, with the legacy of a small but sufficient fortune. At last, when he was approaching sixty, the good things of the Church, which he never affected to despise, came in earnest. The Tory Chancellor Lyndhurst gave him a stall at Bristol, which carried with it a small Devonshire living, and soon afterwards he was able to exchange Foston (which he had greatly improved) for Combe Florey near Taunton. When his friend Lord Grey became prime minister, the stall at Bristol was exchanged for a much more valuable one at St. Paul's; Halberton, the Devonshire vicarage, and Combe Florey still remaining his. These made up an ecclesiastical revenue not far short of three thousand a year, which Sydney enjoyed for the last fifteen years of his life. He never got anything more, and it is certain that for a time he was very sore at not being made a bishop, or at least offered a bishopric. Lord Holland had rather rashly explained the whole difficulty years before by reporting a conversation of his with Lord Grenville, in which they had hoped that when the Whigs came into power they would be more grateful to Sydney than the Tories had been to Swift. Sydney's acuteness must have made him vince at the omen. For my part I do not see why either Harley or Grey should have hesitated as far as any scruples of their own went. But I think any fair-minded person

must admit the possibility of a scruple, though he may not share it, about the effect of seeing either the "Tale of a Tub" or "Peter Plymley's Letters," with "the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of —" on the title-page. The people who would have been shocked might in each case have been fools; there is nothing that I at least can see in either book inconsistent with sound religion and churchmanship. But they would have been honest fools, and of such a prime minister has to take heed. So Amen Corner, or rather, for he did not live there, certain streets near Grosvenor Square in London, and Combe Florey in the country were Sydney Smith's abodes till his death. In the former he gave his breakfasts and dinners in the season, being further enabled to do so by his share (some thirty thousand pounds) of his brother Courtenay's Indian fortune. The latter, after rebuilding it, for he had either a fate or a passion for bricks and mortar, he made on a small scale one of the most beautiful and hospitable houses in the west of England.

To Combe Florey, as to Foston, a sheaf of fantastic legends attaches itself; indeed as Lady Holland was not very fond of dates (a fault no doubt to be rebuked with the greatest indignation and sorrow) it is sometimes not clear to which of the two residences some of them apply. At both Sydney had a huge storeroom, or rather grocer's and chemist's shop, from which he supplied the wants not merely of his household but of half the neighborhood. It appears to have been at Combe Florey (for though no longer poor he still had a frugal mind) that he hit upon the device of "putting the cheapest soaps in the dearest papers," confident of the result upon the female mind. It was certainly there that he fitted up two favorite donkeys with a kind of holiday dress of antlers, to meet the objection of one of his lady visitors that he had no deer; and converted certain large bay-trees in boxes into the semblance of an orangery, by fastening some dozens of fine fruit to the branches. I like to think of the mixed astonishment and disgust of a great Russian and a not very small Frenchman, both lately deceased, M. Tourguenieff and M. Paul de Saint-Victor, if they had heard of these pleasing tomfooleries. But tomfoolery, though, when properly and not inordinately indulged, one of the best things in life, must, like the other good things of life, come to an end. After an illness of some months Sydney Smith died at his house in Green Street, of heart disease,

on February 22nd, 1845, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The memorials and evidences of his peculiar if not unique genius consist of three different kinds: reported or remembered conversations and jokes, letters, and formal literary work. He was once most famous as a talker; but conversation is necessarily the most perishable of all things, and its recorded fragments bear keeping less than any other relics. Some of the verbal jests assigned to him (notably the famous one about the tortoise, which, after being long known by the initiated not to be his, has of late been formally claimed by its rightful owner) are certainly or probably borrowed or falsely attributed, as rich conversationalists always borrow or receive. And always the things have something of the mangled air which sayings detached from their context can hardly escape. It is otherwise with the letters. The best letters are always most like the actual conversation of their writers, and probably no one ever wrote more as he talked than Sydney Smith: the specially literary qualities of his writing for print are here too in great measure; and on the whole, though of course the importance of subject is nearly always less, and the interest of sustained work is wholly absent, nowhere can the whole Sydney be better seen. Of the three satirists of modern times with whom he may not unfairly claim to rank — Pascal, Swift, and Voltaire — he is most like Voltaire in his faculty of presenting a good thing with a preface which does not in the least prepare you for it, and then leaving it without the slightest attempt to go back on it, and elaborate it, and make sure that his hearer has duly appreciated it and laughed at it. And of the two, though the palm of concentration must be given to Voltaire, the palm of absolute simplicity must be given to Sydney. Hardly any of his letters are without these unforced flashes of wit, from almost his first epistle to Jeffrey (where, after rallying that great little man on being the "only male despondent he has met," he added the postscript, "I beg to except the Tuxford waiter, who desponds exactly as you do") to his very last to Miss Harcourt, in which he mildly dismisses one of his brethren as "anything but a *polished* corner of the Temple." There is the "usual establishment for an eldest landed b.b.y;" the proposition advanced in the grave and chaste manner that "the information of very plain women is so inconsiderable that I agree with you in setting no store by it;" the plaintive

expostulation with Lady Holland (who had asked him to dinner on the ninth of the month after previously asking him to stay from the fifth to the twelfth), "it is like giving a gentleman an assignation for Wednesday when you are going to marry him on the previous Sunday — an attempt to combine the stimulus of gallantry with the security of connubial relations;" the simple and touching information that "Lord Tankerville has sent me a whole buck. This necessarily takes up a good deal of my time;" that "geranium-fed bacon is of a beautiful color, but it takes so many plants to fatten one pig that such a system can never answer;" that "it is a mistake to think that Dr. Bond could be influenced by partridges. He is a man of very independent mind, with whom pheasants at least, or perhaps even turkeys, are necessary;" and scores more with references to which I find the fly-leaves of my copy of the letters covered. While if any one wants to see how much solid there is with all this froth, let him turn to the letters showing the unconquerable manliness, fairness, and good sense with which he treated the unhappy subject of Queen Caroline, out of which his friends were so ready to make political capital; or to the admirable epistle in which he takes seriously, and blunts once for all, the points of certain foolish witticisms as to the readiness with which he, a man about town, had taken to catechisms and cabbages in an almost uninhabited part of the despised country. In conversation he would seem sometimes to have a little, a very little, "forced the note." The Quaker baby, and the lady "with whom you might give an assembly or populate a parish," are instances in point, but he never does this in his letters. I take particular pleasure in the following passage written to Miss Georgiana Harcourt within two years of his death: "What a charming existence! To live in the midst of holy people; to know that nothing profane can approach you; to be certain that a Dissenter can no more be found in the Palace than a snake can exist in Ireland, or ripe fruit in Scotland! To have your society strong, and undiluted by the laity; to bid adieu to human learning; to feast on the Canons and revel in the Thirty-Nine Articles! Happy Georgiana!" Now if Sydney had been what some foolish people think him, merely a scoffer, there would be no fun in this; it would be as impertinent and in as bad taste as the stale jokes of the eighteenth century about Christianity. But he was much else.

Of course, however, no rational man will contend that in estimating Sydney Smith's place in the general memory, his deliberate literary work, or at least that portion of it which he chose to present on reflection, acknowledged and endorsed, can be overlooked. His life contains (what is infinitely desirable in all such lives and by no means always or often furnished) a complete list of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his works contain most of them. To these have to be added the pamphlets, of which the chief and incomparably the best are, at intervals of thirty years, "Peter Plymley" and the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," together with sermons, speeches, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole, except the things which he did not himself care to reprint, can be obtained now in one volume; but the print is not to be recommended to aged or weakly sight.

Sydney Smith had no false modesty, and in not a few letters to Jeffrey he speaks of his own contributions to the *Edinburgh* with the greatest freedom, combating and quite refusing to accept his editor's suggestion as to their flippancy and fantasticality, professing with much frankness that this is the way he can write and no other, and more than once telling Jeffrey that whatever they may think in solemn Scotland, his, Sydney's, articles are a great deal more read in England and elsewhere than any others. Although there are maxims to the contrary effect, the judgment of a clever man, not very young and tolerably familiar with the world, on his own work, is very seldom far wrong. I should say myself that, putting aside the historic estimate, Sydney Smith's articles are by far the most interesting nowadays of those contributed by any one before the days of Macaulay, who began just as Sydney left off; he ceased to write anonymously in 1827, on his Bristol appointment. They are also by far the most distinct and original. Jeffrey, Brougham, and the rest wrote for the most part very much after the fashion of the ancients; if a very few changes were made for date, passages of Jeffrey's criticism might almost be passages of Dryden's, certainly passages of the better critics of the eighteenth century, as far as manner goes. There is nobody at all like Sydney Smith before him in England, for Swift's style is wholly different. To begin with, Sydney had a strong prejudice in favor of writing very short articles and a horror of reading long ones — the latter being perhaps less

peculiar to himself than the former. Then he never made the slightest pretence at systematic or dogmatic criticism of anything whatever. In literature proper he seems indeed to have had no particular principles, and I cannot say that he had very good taste. He commits the almost unpardonable sin of not merely blaspheming Madame de Sévigné, but preferring to her that second-rate leader-writer in petticoats, Madame de Staël. On the other hand, if he had no literary principles he had (except in rare cases where politics came in, and not often then) few literary prejudices, and his happily incorrigible good sense and good humor were proof against the frequent bias of his associates. Though he could not have been very sensible, from what he himself says, of their highest qualities, he championed Scott's novels incessantly against the Whigs and prigs of Holland House. He gives a most well-timed warning to Jeffrey that the constant running down of Wordsworth had very much the look of persecution, though with his usual frankness he avows that he has not read the particular article in question because the subject is "quite uninteresting to him." I think he would, if driven hard, have admitted with equal frankness that poetry merely as poetry was uninteresting. Still he had so many interests of various kinds that few books failed to appeal to one or the other, and he, in his turn, has seldom failed to give a lively if not a very exact or critical account of his subject. But it is in his way of giving this account that the peculiarity, glanced at above as making a parallel between him and Voltaire, appears. It is, I have said, almost original, and what is more, endless as has been the periodical writing of the last eighty years and sedulously as later writers have imitated earlier, I do not know that it has ever been successfully copied. It consists in giving rapid and apparently business-like summaries, packed, with apparent negligence and real art, full of the flashes of wit so often noticed and to be noticed. Such are, in the article on "The Island of Ceylon," the honey bird, "into whose body the soul of a common informer seems to have migrated," and "the chaplain of the garrison, all in black, the Rev. Mr. Somebody or other whose name we have forgotten," the discovery of whose body in a serpent his ruthless clerical brother pronounces to be "the best history of the kind he remembers." Very likely there may be people who can read this, even the "all in black," without

laughing, and among them I should suppose must be the somebody or other, whose name we too have forgotten, who is said to have imagined that he had more than parried Sydney's unforgiven jest about the joke and the surgical operation by retorting, "Yes! an *English* joke." I have always wept to think that Sydney did not live to hear this retort. The classical places for this kind of summary work are the article just named on Ceylon, and that on Waterton. But the most inimitable single example, if it is not too shocking to this very proper age, is the argument of Mat Lewis's tragedy: "Ottilia becomes quite furious from the conviction that Cæsario has been sleeping with a second lady called Estella; whereas he has really been sleeping with a third lady called Amelrosa."

Among the most important of these essays are the two famous ones on Methodism and on Indian missions, which gave far more offence to the religious public of Evangelical persuasion than all Sydney's jokes on bishops, or his arguments for Catholic emancipation, and which (owing to the strong influence which then, as now, Nonconformity possessed in the counsels of the Liberal party) probably had as much to do as anything else with the reluctance of the Whig leaders when they came into power to give their friend high ecclesiastical preferment. These subjects are rather difficult to treat in a general literary essay, and it may perhaps be admitted that here, as in dealing with poetry and other subjects of the more transcendental kind, Sydney showed a touch of Philistinism and a distinct inability to comprehend exaltation of sentiment and thought. But the general sense is admirably sound and perfectly orthodox; and the way in which so apparently light and careless a writer has laboriously supported every one of his charges and almost every one of his flings with chapter and verse from the writings of the incriminated societies, is very remarkable. Nor can it, I think, be doubted that the publication in so widely read a periodical of the nauseous follies of speech in which well-meaning persons indulged, had something to do with the gradual disuse of a style than which nothing could be more prejudicial to religion, for the simple reason that nothing else could make religion ridiculous. The medicine did not of course operate at once, and silly people still write silly things. But I hardly think that the Wesleyan body or the Church Missionary Society would now officially publish such stuff as

the passage about Brother Carey, who, while in the actual paroxysm of sea-sickness, was "wonderfully comforted by the contemplation of the goodness of God," or that about Brother Ward "in design clasping to his bosom" the magnanimous Captain Wickes, who subsequently "seemed very low," when a French privateer was in sight. Jeffrey was, it seems, a little afraid of these well-deserved exposures, which, from the necessity of abundant quotations, are an exception to the general shortness of Sydney's articles. Sydney's interest in certain subjects led him constantly to take up fresh books on them; and thus a series of series might be made out of his papers, with some advantage to the reader perhaps, if a new edition of his works were undertaken. The chief of such subjects is America, in dealing with which he pleased the Americans by descending on their gradual emancipation from English prejudices and abuses, but infuriated them by constant denunciations of slavery and by laughing at their lack of literature and cultivation. With India he also dealt often, his brothers' connection with it giving him an interest therein. Prisons were another favorite subject, though in his zeal for making them uncomfortable he committed himself to one really atrocious suggestion — that of dark cells for long periods of time. It is odd that the same person should make such a truly diabolical proposal, and yet be in a perpetual state of humanitarian rage about man-traps and spring-guns, which were certainly milder engines of torture. It is odd, too, that Sydney, who was never tired of arguing that prisons ought to be made uncomfortable, because nobody need go there unless he chose, should have been furiously wroth with poor Mr. Justice Best for suggesting much the same thing of spring-guns. The greatest political triumph of his manner is to be found no doubt in the article "Bentham on Fallacies," in which the unreadable diatribes of the apostle of utilitarianism are somehow spirited and crisped up into a series of brilliant arguments, and the whole is crowned by the famous "Noodle's Oration," the summary and storehouse of all that ever has been or can be said on the Liberal-side in the lighter manner. It has not lost its point even from the fact that Noodle has now for a long time been for the most part on the other side, and has elaborated for himself after his manner a similar stock of platitudes and absurdities in favor of the very things for which Sydney was fighting.

The qualities of these articles appear equally in the miscellaneous essays, in the speeches, and even in the sermons, though Sydney Smith, unlike Sterne, never condescended to buffoonery or theatrical tricks in the pulpit. In "Peter Plymley's Letters" they appear concentrated and acidulated; in the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," in the "Repudiation Letters," and the "Letters on Railways" which date from his very last days, concentrated and mellowed. More than one good judge has been of the opinion that Sydney's powers increased to the very end of his life, and it is not surprising that this should have been the case. Although he did plenty of work in his time, the literary part of it was never of an exhausting nature. Though one of the most original of commentators he was a commentator pure and simple, and found, but did not supply, his matter. Thus there was no danger of running dry, and as his happiest style was not indignation but good-natured railery, his increasing prosperity, not chequered till quite the close of his life by any serious bodily ailment, put him more and more in the right atmosphere and temper for showing his faculty. "Plymley," though very amusing, and except in the Canning matter above referred to not glaringly unfair for a political lampoon, is distinctly acrimonious, and almost (as "almost" as Sydney could be) ill-tempered. It is possible to read between the lines that the writer is furious at his party being out of office, and is much more angry with Mr. Perceval for having the ear of the country than for being a respectable nonentity. The main argument moreover is bad in itself and was refuted by facts. Sydney pretends to be, as his friend Jeffrey really was, in mortal terror lest the French should invade England, and, joined by rebellious Irishmen and wrathful Catholics generally, produce an English revolution. The Tories replied, "We will take good care that the French shall *not* land and that Irishmen shall *not* rise," and they did take the said good care, and they beat the Frenchmen through and through while Sydney and his friends were pointing their epigrams. Therefore, though much of the contention is unanswerable enough, the thing is doubtfully successful as a whole. In the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton" the tone is almost uniformly good-humored, and the argument; whether quite consistent or not in the particular speaker's mouth, is absolutely sound, and has been practically admitted since by almost all the best friends of the Church. Here

occurs that inimitable passage before referred to:—

I met the other day, in an old Dutch chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that, though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation: "And there was great store of Bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the State were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merse, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my Lords the Bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a Bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the Monk, and many texts of Scripture were bandied to and fro; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my Lords the Bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things—and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail the arms and banners of the Archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favored the Church—and then the Archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man; but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the windows, cried out *Bread! bread!* for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the *sleikh*; and when they had done crying *Bread! bread!* they called out *No Bishops!* and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my Lords the Bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then you might have seen my Lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the Monk, stood up a nong them and said, *Good my Lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the Church than you do should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below.* And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the Bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the Bishops, brought them the dinner of the Deans and Canons; and so the Deans and Canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the windows like the Bishops; and when the Count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, and that the Bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the Canons well.

Even in the Singleton letters, however there are some little lapses of the same kind (worse, indeed, because these letters were signed) as the attack on Canning in the Plymley letters. Sydney Smith exclaiming against "derision and persiflage, the great principle by which the world is now governed," is again edifying. But in truth Sydney never had the weakness (for I have known it called a weakness) of looking too carefully to see what the enemy's advocate is going to say. Take even the famous, the immortal apologue of Mrs. Partington. It covered, we are usually told, the Upper House with ridicule, and did as much as anything else to carry the Reform Bill. And yet, though it is a watery apologue, it will not hold water for a moment. The implied conclusion is, that the Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. Did it? It made no doubt a great mess in her house, it put her to flight, it put her to shame. But when I was last at Sidmouth the line of high-water mark was, I believe, much what it was before the great storm of 1824, and though the particular Mrs. Partington had no doubt been gathered to her fathers the Mrs. Partington of the day was, equally without doubt, living very comfortably in the house which the Atlantic had threatened to swallow up.

It was, however, perhaps part of Sydney's strength that he never cared to consider too curiously, or on too many sides. Besides his inimitable felicity of expression (the Singleton letters are simply crammed with epigram) he had the sturdiest possible common sense and the liveliest possible humor. I have known his claim to the title of "humorist" called in question by precisians; nobody could deny him the title of good-humorist. Except that the sentimental side of Toryism would never have appealed to him, it was chiefly an accident of time that he was a polemical Liberal. He would always and naturally have been on the side opposite to that on which most of the fools were. When he came into the world, as the straitest Tory will admit, there were in that world a great many abuses as they are called, that is to say, a great many things which, once useful and excellent, had either decayed into positive nuisances, or dried up into neutral and harmless but obstructive rubbish. There were also many silly and some mischievous people, as well as some wise and useful ones, who defended the abuses. Sydney Smith was an ideal soldier of reform for his time, and in his way. He was not extraordinarily

long-sighted — indeed (as his famous and constantly repeated advice to “take short views of life” shows) he had a distinct distrust of taking too practical thought for political or any other morrows. But he had a most keen and in many cases a most just scent and sight for the immediate inconveniences and injustices of the day, and for the shortest and most effective ways of mending them. He was perhaps more destitute of romance and of reverence, though he had too much good taste to be positively irreverent, than any man who ever lived. He never could have imitated, he never could have even understood, Scott’s feelings about the regalia, or that ever famous incident of Sir Walter’s life, when returning with Jeffrey and other Whig friends from some public meeting, he protested against the innovations which, harmless or even beneficial individually and in themselves, would by degrees destroy everything that made Scotland Scotland. I am afraid that his warmest admirers, even those of his own political complexion, must admit that he was, as has been said, more than a little of a Philistine; that he expressed, and expressed capitally in one way, that curious middle-class sentiment, or denial of sentiment, which won its first triumph in the first Reform Bill and its last in the Exhibition of twenty years later, which destroyed no doubt much that was absurd and some things that were noxious, but which induced in England a reign of shoddy in politics, in philosophy, in art, in literature, and when its own reign was over left England weak and divided, instead of, as it had been under the reign of abuses, united and strong. The bombardment of Copenhagen may or may not have been a dreadful thing; it was at any rate better than the abandonment of Khartoum. Nor can Sydney any more than his friends be acquitted of having held the extraordinary notion that you can “rest and be thankful” in politics, that you can set Demos at bishops, but stave and tail him off when he comes to canons; that you can level beautifully down to a certain point and then stop levelling forever afterwards; that because you can laugh Brother Ringletub out of court, laughter will be equally effective with Cardinal Newman; and that though it is the height of “anility” (a favorite word of his) to believe in a country gentleman, it is the height of rational religion to believe in a ten-pound householder.

But however open to exception his principles may be, and that not merely from

the point of view of highflying Toryism, his carrying out of them in life and in literature had the two abiding justifications of being infinitely amusing, and of being amusing always in thoroughly good temper. It is, as I have said, impossible to read Sydney Smith’s life, and still more impossible to read his letters, without liking him warmly and personally, without seeing that he was not only a man who liked to be comfortable (that is not very rare), that he was not only one who liked others to be comfortable (that is rarer), but one who in every situation in which he was thrown did his utmost to make others as well as himself comfortable, which is rarest of all. If the references in “Peter Plymley” to Canning were unjustifiable from him, there is little or no reason to think that they were prompted by personal jealousy; and though, as has been said, he was undoubtedly sore, and unreasonably sore, at not receiving the preferment which he thought he had deserved, he does not seem to have been personally jealous of any man who had received it. The parson of Foston and Combe Florey may not have been (his latest biographer, admiring though he be, pathetically laments that he was not) a spiritually minded man. But happy beyond almost all other parishioners of the time were the parishioners of Combe Florey and Foston, though one of them did once throw a pair of scissors at his provoking pastor. He was a fast and affectionate friend; and though he was rather given to haunting rich men, he did it not only without servility, but without that alternative of bearishness and freaks which has sometimes been adopted. As a prince of talkers he might have been a bore to a generation which (I own I think in that perhaps single point), wiser than its fathers, is not so ambitious as they were to sit as a bucket and be pumped into. But in that infinitely happier system of conversation by books, which any one can enjoy as he likes and interrupt as he likes at his own fireside, Sydney is still a prince. There may be living somewhere some one who does not think so very badly of slavery, who is most emphatically of opinion that “the fools were right” in the matters of Catholic emancipation and Reform, who thinks well of public schools and universities, who even, though he may not like spring-guns much, thinks that John Jones had only himself to blame if, after ample warning and with no business except the business of supplying a London poulterer with his landlord’s

game, he trespassed and came to the worst. Yet even this monster, if he happens to be possessed of a sense of fun and literature (which is perhaps impossible), could not read even the most acrid of Sydney's political diatribes without shrieking with laughter, if in his ogreish way he were given to such violent demonstrations; could certainly not read the life and the letters without admitting, in a moment of unwonted humanity, that here was a man who for goodness as well as for cleverness, for sound practical wisdom as well as for fantastic verbal wit, has had hardly a superior and very few equals.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From Temple Bar.

THE STORY OF A DUEL.

"I REMEMBER it," said our old friend, "as though it had happened yesterday. I was a youngster then; I am getting to be an old man now, but I shall never forget it, never. Poor lad, poor lad!"

I was about five-and-twenty, and on my travels for the first time. In leisurely fashion, I had traversed France and Belgium, and crossing the German frontier had reached and taken up my abode for twenty-four hours in a small town with a river and a bridge; a confused mass of red-roofed houses, with sheltering forest-covered hills that favored and shut in its remoteness from the common highway. It was one of those places whose antique air, inherited straight from the Middle Ages, charms and invites the passer-by; the inn charmed me also, a gabled house on the old market-place, with a fruitful garden reaching down to the river at the back. The town was not unknown to tourists, but lying apart from the usual track, it was little frequented; and for one reason or another, the inn, when I arrived, was almost empty. It depended for its prosperity, however, less on the custom of passing strangers than on its *clientèle* of commercial travellers, and on the excellent ordinary it provided for the townspeople and the officers of the small town garrison. The *table d'hôte*, I found—for my stay was prolonged from the one day I had proposed to four or five—was always full. The guests came dropping in one by one, hanging each his cloak and hat on a peg by the door, and, with a friendly greeting to one and another, took each his accustomed seat at the liberal

board. Each tucked a napkin under his chin; men and maids flew round the table; a clatter of plates and tongues began. The scene amused me, I don't know why; through its novelty, I suppose.

On the evening of the second day, returning from some excursion in the neighborhood, too late for the public meal, my supper was served in a small room adjoining the *salle-d-manger*. A door communicated between the two apartments; it was closed, but a sound of talking acquainted me that though the *table d'hôte* might be over, the guests were not yet all dispersed. Some dispute was apparently in progress. I could distinguish no words; the speakers, as I judged, were at the further end of the long adjoining room; but the raised and vehement voices, a sort of angry clamor rising and falling, argued a quarrel of some kind. Presently the clamor fell; the voices died away amid a scraping of chairs on the wooden floor; silence succeeded. I had nearly finished my supper, coffee had been brought and I was preparing to light a cigar, when the door between the rooms was thrown open and a young man entered. Without noticing my presence, he flung himself into a chair against the wall and sat motionless.

He was a mere lad, not above twenty, I decided, on considering him more attentively, a boy with light, shining hair, a fair complexion, and a girlish delicacy of feature; a faint yellow moustache alone testified to his manhood. He was dressed in a light-colored tourist suit; there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, nothing to distinguish him especially from any other fresh young fellow abroad on his travels; but something in his attitude as he sat without movement in the chair into which he had flung himself, arrested my attention. He sat with his legs stretched out, his hands thrust into his pockets, his head dropped on his breast. His face which should naturally, I imagined, wear the pink and white complexion proper to fair-haired youth, was empty of even a tinge of color; his brows were drawn together; he looked miserable, overwhelmed, desperate; I could not tell how he looked. He might, I conjectured, have been losing money in some bet or game of chance; a man who has left his fortune at a gambling-table might wear just such an expression. Twice I thought of addressing him; but I was deterred by his complete unconsciousness of my presence and by my ignorance of his nationality; for I had no better skill in languages than an imperfect knowledge of French

and a still more stumbling acquaintance with German. I finished my coffee therefore in silence, and as he still made no sign, took up my hat, and silently left the room.

On my way through the hall, I accosted the grey-haired head-waiter, an old man, grown old in the service of the inn, and asked him if he knew anything about the young fellow. He was an Englishman, the man answered; and opened the visitors' book to show me his name. His name was there, Charles Holmes, of Foxholme, Surrey, England, and Magdalen College, Oxford; he had arrived the previous night, he was come from Frankfort, he was on his way to Brussels — all this inscribed with boyish love of detail in a round, boyish hand. He was a fellow-countryman then, and alone apparently; for with the exception of my own name, none other of English nationality appeared on the list for many days back. His pale look as he dropped into his chair passed before my eyes. Almost I turned back into the little parlor to speak to him; and I wish I had — I wish to Heaven I had — all might have turned out differently. But the indomitable stupidity and reserve of an Englishman stood in my way, and instead of going back, I addressed the waiter again. Had there been any quarrel, I inquired, among the guests at the supper-table that evening? He shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly — possibly," he said; "he had heard raised voices, he had not been in the room. These gentlemen" — meaning the officers — "often had disputes among themselves. No one thought much about it; it was no one's concern but their own."

I left the man, and started on an evening walk through the town, before retiring to rest. It was already dark, a warm and starless August night; the sky, heavy with one cloud that spread from hill to hill, seemed to weigh upon one's head; now and then a drop of rain fell; I could see the sultry splash on the dusty paving-stones by the light of an occasional oil-lamp flickering here and there. A street led from the old market-place down to a steep, one-arched bridge that spanned the river, and connected the town with the opposite heights. I crossed the bridge, then returning on my steps, stood leaning on the parapet looking down upon the river revealed through the darkness by its slow onward rush, and by the rare lights reflected on its black surface. A belated barge came swinging heavily down stream, its lantern sending long yellow gleams

across the parting water; it passed, and was lost in darkness beyond. Lights shone from the clustered gables of the darkling town. Close at hand, on the river bank, a girl sat at an upper window mending a stocking by the light of a candle set on the sill. The flame hardly moved in the heavy air; it lighted up her fresh young face, her yellow braids of hair, and busy hands. So she had sat many a night before, so she would sit for many a night to come; but I — the thought passed through my mind — should have no conscience of her. For between her and me, it would be always night.

I lingered, I remember, on the bridge; it was one of those hours becoming rarer with every day of travel, that hold in them some realization of fresh and strange impressions. The town clocks were striking ten as I made my way back to the inn. I had left a book in the room where I had dined, and I went to fetch it before going up-stairs to bed. The young Englishman was still there, seated in the chair where I had left him. Had he never moved? I could not tell, but he was not now alone. A young girl stood opposite to him, leaning against a wooden press, her head thrown back, her arms folded under a long colored apron that she wore over a dark blue gown. I knew the girl by sight; once she had waited on me at table, once or twice I had seen her gathering fruit in the garden; she seemed to have no fixed service in the house, but to make herself useful as occasion required. Without much beauty, something singular in her appearance drew attention. She was a brown-faced girl, with masses of sun-faded brown hair, and sleepy blue eyes that had a trick of opening suddenly to accompany a sudden smile which revealed two rows of small white teeth; otherwise her expression was sullen and rather scornful. So much I had noticed, paying little heed to her, however, as she came and went about her work. Her presence in the room now surprised me. She was speaking as I came in, but ended or broke off abruptly on my entrance, and stood as I have described her, leaning against the wooden door of the press. She shot a glance at me from her half-closed eyes as I took my book from the table where I had left it, but did not change her position. The young Englishman, on the other hand, sprang to his feet.

"I tell you," he said, facing her and speaking with a certain vehemence, "you have nothing to do in the matter — nothing. Keep out of it."

He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and swung out of the room. The girl looked after him; I did not like her look, but it was no affair of mine. I took my book and quitted the room, leaving her standing there with her folded arms. At the foot of the stairs I met my acquaintance, the waiter.

"Who is that girl?" I said, describing her, "I have seen her several times about the house."

"You mean Lotte?" said the old man. "Have nothing to do with her, young sir; she is a bad one. The master took her in out of charity, but to-morrow she leaves. There is nothing she likes better than to set on the young men who come here to quarrel about her. There have been two duels fought already in the twelvemonth she has been in the house. No great harm done, to be sure; but the master won't have it, and so to-morrow she goes. He has found her a place where there will be no young men to set by the ears. Oh, I know her ways; I've seen her at it. She treats them like dogs till they turn and insult her, and then she gets one of them to take her part. When the mischief is done, she rubs her hands. Oh, I've seen her at it, I know her ways. No, no, she'll come to no good wherever she is."

A bell rang and he left me. I made my way up-stairs to my own apartment on the second floor. At an open window in the passage, I saw the young Englishman standing and gazing out into the darkness. He started at my approach and preceded me rapidly along the corridor, opened the door and disappeared within the bedroom next my own. I heard a bolt drawn as I passed and a match struck, and saw him no more.

I was tired, and although the night was oppressive, I fell almost at once into uneasy slumbers. I woke again restless with the heat. The room was perfectly dark; I struck my repeater; it was nearly one o'clock in the morning. My window stood open, and I could hear the even, temperate sound of heavy summer rain; the lowering cloud was descending in a steady down-pour. I got up and groped my way to the window, hardly visible as a square of fainter black opening from the blackness within. A church clock struck the single stroke of the hour; it was answered by another and another; then far off like an echo, a chime from some hidden village in the hills. Moist odors rose through the darkness from earth and herbs and leaves in the garden below; the damp and odorous coolness, the steady sound of the

rain, refreshed and calmed me. I was returning to bed with a better prospect of sleep than before, when my attention was arrested by a noise in the adjoining apartment. A door communicating between the two rooms made it easy for sound to pass from one to another; it was a sob I heard now — yet less a sob than a kind of shivering moan, as from some creature trapped and held by mortal anguish. It came again and again; I listened until listening became impossible. The room was occupied, as I knew, by my young compatriot; I recalled his pale and desperate looks some few hours before, and, lighting a candle, I dressed hastily and went out into the empty corridor. A streak of light shone below the door of the neighboring apartment; I knocked quietly and waited.

My knock was quiet, as befitted the silent hour; but that it was audible to the occupant of the room was immediately apparent. I heard a chair pushed back, with a movement as of some one suddenly springing to his feet; then silence. I knocked again. This time a hesitating footstep crossed the floor, the bolt was withdrawn, the door was opened an inch, then thrown back entirely; the young Englishman stood before me.

He was dressed as I had seen him the previous evening, except that he had removed his necktie, and exchanged his boots for slippers. In his hand he held a candle, that feebly lighted up the sparsely furnished room, the bed standing in a dusky corner, the painted wardrobe and half-dozen chairs, the small table set near the window. It illumined his white face also, and hair hanging loose and damp over his forehead. There was something dishevelled and miserable in his whole appearance, and a scared look in his eyes as they met mine, that made me hasten to explain my appearance there.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "for intruding at this hour, but I feared you might be ill. I wanted to know if I could be of any use to you."

He gazed at me uncertainly for a moment in silence, then standing on one side that I might enter, he closed the door, bolted it, and, advancing to the table, set down his candle among a litter of papers and letters with which it was strewn. A chair was pushed back from the table; close by, propped up against another chair, was an open portmanteau. The young fellow motioned me to a seat, and sank himself into the one from which he had just risen. For a moment he sat with

out speaking, gazing fixedly before him; then turned his head, as though to address me. But any words he might have spoken died away in a fit of shivering. He grew even paler than before, his teeth chattered, he looked at me helplessly, as a child might, as he sat there grasping the table with both hands, in a vain effort at self-control. I felt in my pocket for my travelling-flask, and going up to him, got him to swallow some brandy. The effect was good; the shivering ceased, some color returned to his cheeks and lips.

"That is better," I said, contemplating him.

He did not at once answer. His lips trembled a little, as he sat looking at me; the tears rushed to his eyes.

"You are an Englishman," he said, holding out his hand with an affectionate gesture that touched me deeply. "I didn't think I should see any one here that would care about me."

"My dear lad," I said, "what's your difficulty? I saw you down-stairs last evening; I saw that you were in trouble of some kind. Tell me about it. If you have got yourself into a scrape, it will be hard if between us we can't pull you out, whatever it may be."

"It's no scrape," he said, with difficulty, and paused. His face grew white again. "It's no scrape," he said at last, "I've got to fight a duel to-morrow morning at six o'clock; and I—I——" his voice failed altogether.

"A duel? Nonsense," I said. He looked up. "Nonsense," I repeated, "who fights a duel in these days? The thing can be put an end to at once."

I stood up as I spoke, and made a step towards the door, with I don't know what idea; since at that hour of the night nothing could be done. He stopped me, however.

"It can't be put a stop to," he said, "it must go on. I'm pledged on my honor that it shall go on."

I faced round on him.

"Look here," I said, "I know all about it. I saw that girl this evening, I heard about her. She leaves the house to-morrow. But you've fallen into a trap, my dear fellow; your honor has nothing to say in the matter. I give you my word of honor that the whole thing may be arranged without the slightest difficulty."

"How?" he said, with a certain eagerness, but checked himself immediately. "It must go on," he repeated, "it is all settled, I tell you. I don't know what you mean about the girl. There was a quarrel

among a lot of officers down-stairs; I got mixed up in it, like a fool; but there were some good fellows among them, and they'll see me through. After all," he went on, trying to smile, "what is a duel? Hundreds of men have fought and no great harm come of it."

He broke off as the shivering seized him again, and the pallor. A light dawned on me. It was fear that held the boy as he sat there, cowering and trembling, before me; the lad with his fresh complexion and pretty girl's face was a coward; and as I recognized the fact, something of contempt for him rose in my mind. I had in those days the brutal stupidity of a man to whom, constitutionally, fear is unknown. I had never considered, as I have had occasion to do since, the tricks that a vivid imagination may play with a sensitive organization, and I looked at the trembling lad before me, with the amount of intelligence a bull-dog might have brought to bear upon the subject. Nevertheless, I laid my hand on his shoulder good-naturedly enough.

"Look here," I said, giving him a friendly shake, "take some more brandy first, though." I got him to swallow another mouthful. "Look here, my dear boy," I said, "you don't like the notion of fighting, I see. Well, don't give the thing another thought. Go to bed and sleep soundly; when you wake to-morrow morning, you'll find it all arranged."

He shook his head.

"It can't be—it can't be," he said. He sprang to his feet and paced the room once or twice, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "You think I'm afraid," he said, standing in front of me and speaking rapidly. "You're right, I am afraid, I'm sick with fear——"

He dropped into his chair again, and flung out his arms across the table, burying his face in them. In a moment he looked up.

"I've been afraid all my life," he said, speaking low and very quickly. "I can't help it, I can't see things any other way. They used to bully me at school. Once I shirked something, and the boys——" He broke off. "Only one fellow was good to me," he went on. "He was older than I was, and he made me promise I'd never shirk a thing through cowardice again; and I never will."

I looked at him with a new sentiment. "Where is your friend now?" I asked after a pause.

"He is dead," he answered. "He was killed last year, fighting in India."

He buried his face again, and there was silence for a while. I heard the rain still falling steadily outside; now and then the candle flickered a little in a breath of night air. At last I spoke.

"That is no reason—it is no reason at all," I said, rising and pacing the room in my turn. "The thing is an absurdity, I tell you; no one fights duels in these days. Why, to begin with, do you even know what you are about? Can you fire a pistol, if, as I suppose, it is with pistols you propose to amuse yourselves?"

He answered almost inaudibly. "I can handle firearms," he said. "I had to learn."

I sat down and contemplated him for a moment. "Look here," I broke out again, "the whole thing is nonsense, sheer nonsense; it can't be allowed to go on. You've no business, my dear boy, to be coming abroad for your holiday, and getting yourself entangled in miseries of this sort. What would your family say? Think of them."

"He raised his haggard face. "I can't get out of it," he said, "I can't; not without leaving them to say that an Englishman shirked, and lost his honor because he was afraid. And it would be true."

"Oh," I said, "there are ways of putting things. Tell them that you've thought better of it, that in England we're too civilized for such barbarous Middle Age practices, that when a man is offensive we kick him down-stairs and there is an end of it. Anything would be good enough for a set of brutes who would entrap a lad like you into a duel."

I had touched his dignity perhaps. "I was not entrapped," he said; then broke into a sob. "Don't," he cried, "don't tempt me. I oughtn't to have told you anything about it, I suppose, but I couldn't help it. I don't want to think of it; I shall get frightened again, and feel I can't face it all. Besides, there's something else I want to say." He began hurriedly turning over the papers on the table. "If I'm killed —"

"Oh, come," I said, "there's no question here of being killed. Duels are fought every day abroad, and no one is a bit the worse. To-morrow night you'll be laughing at your fears."

"I think I shall be killed," he said simply. "I began a letter to my mother," he went on quietly enough, "I don't know how to finish it. I think I'll sign it, and get you to give it to her. I'm glad you're here. I thought there would be no one for me to speak to again."

He took a sheet of paper with a half-filled page and wrote; then folding and directing it, put it in his little writing-case. "You will find it there," he said. "And this portmanteau," he continued, "can go as it is. There are some things in it for my little sister Maggie; I've got them at different places I've been to; please see that she has them. And there are some books for my eldest brother; he likes old books."

"You have brothers?" I enquired.

"Two; they're both older than I am. My father is dead. He died in Germany; we were living there at the time. That is how I come to know German. I wish I didn't."

He sat silent, his head resting on one hand, the fingers of the other idly tracing figures on the table; now and then he gave a shivering sigh. At last he looked up and spoke.

"Do you—do you——" he began in an uncertain voice. He went on more collectedly. "Do you believe, you know, in a future life, and all that? Some fellows don't. They do at home."

"Your mother does?" I said. "Trust to her."

"Yes, she believes," he said, with a sigh. He fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a small New Testament. "She gave me this at school," he said, "and told me to bring it abroad with me. That is her mark in it."

He opened it and turned over the leaves; but in a moment laid it down and passed his hand over his eyes.

"I can't see," he said, "the words are all dazzled. Read me something, won't you? There, where her mark is."

He pushed the book to me across the table. I took it up. A blue ribbon divided the leaves; the book opened of itself. I read as directed, where a verse marked in pencil first caught my eye.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye have heard how I have said unto you, I go away——"

A mist passed before my own eyes; I closed the book. "My dear lad," I said, "I'm neither clerk nor parson; more's the pity, if it would be any help to you. But if you follow my advice, you will take the comfort of your text and sleep upon it for the next few hours. You'll be all the better man to-morrow morning for a night's rest."

He did not immediately answer. He had taken up the book and was letting his eyes stray over the pages. I spoke again.

"Could you sleep, do you think, if I left you?" I said.

"I don't know — I'll try," he said rather vaguely. He closed the book and rose; I rose also, and stood irresolute. I hardly liked to leave him alone, yet his chance of rest, I thought, might be greater so than if I remained. He understood my doubt apparently.

"I'm all right now," he said, "I dare say I shall sleep as you say. Thank you for coming in; I don't know what I should have done without you."

He smiled faintly and held out his hand; there were tears in his eyes; his hand was cold as ice. I asked him a few questions, brief as I could make them, about the morning's arrangements. The meeting was to take place, I found, at a spot I knew, in a wood just without the town walls, where the ruins of an old abbey stood on a grassy lawn. "I shall see you in the morning," I said, and with the promise wrung his hand, and left him.

I went back to my own room, and, dressed as I was, threw myself on the bed. Not for a moment did I intend that this iniquitous duel should go on. At earliest dawn I proposed to rouse the landlord, to stir up the city guard, if needful; nay, to call out the town garrison itself, rather than permit an act of criminal and unnecessary folly. All this, I say, I intended. For a while I lay wakeful and attentive; I heard a chair pushed back in the adjoining room, and footsteps moving uncertainly to and fro; then deep silence. The young fellow, I concluded, had followed my advice, and betaken himself to bed for an hour or two. The town clocks struck three; and with the determination to rouse myself at half past four, I passed into a profound sleep. Alas, I was young, I was tired out. At half past five I fell into uneasy dreams. I dreamt that I had risen, that I had dressed in haste, that I had made my way to the poor lad in the adjoining room. He was seated in his shirt-sleeves on the edge of the bed. "Surely it is not time to go yet," he said, and began to cry like a girl. I dreamed that I awoke, and turned to dream again. This time it was the boy who came in to me as I was dressing hastily. "It's all over," he cried joyously, "not a soul was hurt. I start for home at once." "Thank God," I answered, and with the words I woke with a start, woke in truth this time, sitting up on my bed bewildered for the moment. It was broad daylight. I looked at my watch; it wanted but twenty minutes to six. I caught up my hat, and

burst into the adjoining room. It was empty. On my headlong way down the stairs, I stumbled over my friend, the old waiter. In a breath I told him what had happened, and rushed from the house.

I rushed from the house, across the steep-arched bridge, through the town gate and out into the wood beyond. Deep in the heart of the wood stood the ruin; I had not a moment to lose. The rain had ceased, but the clouds were still low and threatening; I remember still — I hardly noted at the time — the damp grey morning air, thick with mist, the drenched weeds and grass, the trees weighed down with moisture, powerless to rally in the dense atmosphere. The road, a grassy, cart-rutted track, lay before me, winding among the trees. It lay plain before me to follow, but I thought it would never end; it seemed interminably long; I thought that it never would end. I came upon the scene suddenly at last; a cleared space, some walls and high-springing arches on slender columns, a grassy level in front, stretching from tree to tree on either hand. I had visited it but yesterday and found it empty of human life. To-day a scattered group of men occupied the foreground. I saw my poor lad; I saw him stand as he had been placed, and raise his pistol with a shaking hand. I uttered a cry; he turned his face for a second, a trembling smile on his white lips. "I am here, you see; it's all right," he seemed to say. The next moment there was a report. The pistol dropped from his hand; he turned and fell face downwards, dead.

The smile was still on his lips. Poor boy, poor lad!

E. F. P.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC: TONGA AND SAMOA.

In a paper in the April number of this magazine* I dealt chiefly with the Fiji Islands. There are two neighboring groups, — as neighborhood is counted in these sociable regions — the Tongan or Friendly, and the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, which lie respectively, as regards Fiji, some three hundred and eighty miles to the south-east, and six hundred to the north-east. They are unconnected, independent groups, with languages about as dissimilar as French and Italian, and the

* LIVING AGE, No. 2290, p. 405.

chief islands (with the seat of government) in each are about six hundred miles apart. It was interesting, then, in this connection, to notice that the fine indifference to geographical detail, which in the last generation distinguished our Foreign Office, still in these latter days clings about the Board of Trade. I hope I shall not greatly offend official proprieties when I mention that while I was in Samoa, the circulars from that department used to arrive addressed to "Her Britannic Majesty's consul, Samoa, Friendly Islands"! I am sure no *Tongan* department of state would think of addressing a despatch to, e.g., "Corsica, British Islands," which would be a mistake of about the same geographical enormity. In some respects, however, the neighborhood of these three groups has a certain reality. They are much nearer to each other than to any other group, and there has always been considerable intercourse between them. The Tongans, a wonderfully energetic little people, occupied Samoa, probably some centuries ago; the remains of their roads and fortifications still exist there; and their king, in Captain Cook's time, considered Samoa to be within his dominions. In our own time the intercourse between Fiji and Tonga has been constant. The geographical propinquity of the three groups, as well as their recent history, makes it a matter of regret that, when we annexed Fiji, we did not take the others also. England has always been singularly popular in both; and in fact the sovereignty of each has at different times been solemnly pressed on us. No serious objection would, a few years ago, have been raised by any other power, and the additional administrative cost would have been very small. The practical nearness of Tonga to Fiji is shown by the ease and security with which the natives make the voyage in their slight canoes. The impression which the little Tongan nation of some twenty-two thousand souls has made on the Fijians, who were, till lately, six or seven times as numerous, is remarkable. It is due not merely to their greater prowess in war, but rather to their higher intelligence and general vigor. Under their chief Maafu, a man of extraordinary intelligence, the Tongans would certainly, but for our interference, have twenty years ago conquered the whole of Fiji. The matter was compromised by allowing them to occupy the eastern or windward islands; and at Loma-Loma, the last Fijian port at which one touches on the way to Tonga, one is already struck by

the different cast of features, and the greater neatness of the villages. The people are constantly passing to Tonga and back, and several came on board our little steamer as passengers. I had noticed two pretty, refined-looking girls taking a tearful farewell of some friends who were going with us, and after we had started I was surprised to see the girls still standing on deck. At last, however, they quietly stepped to the side, sprang overboard, and with that curious indifference to sharks which one notices everywhere, struck out gracefully for the shore, turning round frequently and waving their adieux.

There were some smart fellows among the crew, Tongans, putting on a certain amount of "side," and working as if all the world was looking on, still capital sailors, only equalled by some Rotumah "boys," natives of a small island to the north of Fiji, who have long been great favorites on board English ships for their sailor-like qualities. They had fine, handsome, open faces, not darker than Spaniards; but this is explicable by the fact that Rotumah, with its few hundred native families, has for generations been a rendezvous of English or American whalers. I doubt whether those who study these races make sufficient allowance for the modification of type which must have taken place in this way in many of the groups. I feel certain, for instance, that this has been the case in Tonga, though it is ignored by Tongans of good family, among whom, nevertheless, isolated Europeans have lived for the last hundred years.

Our sailors had the opportunity of showing what they were made of, for the steamer was a very humble little craft, and the raw, boisterous weather, intricate steering amid a network of reefs, and a very imperfect chart, gave a haphazard character to the navigation. Accordingly, my first view of Tonga-tābu, the sacred island of Tonga (or rather of its cocopalms, which are higher than the island itself), was a welcome if not imposing sight. On approaching the capital, too, the king's church and palace—the latter a two-storied edifice—though only of white-painted wood, looked at a distance, to eyes accustomed for some time only to South Sea architecture, very grand indeed. Nukualofa, though a fortified post in old times, has only of late years been adopted as the capital, from its (relative) advantages as a harbor.

On arriving from Fiji at either Tonga or

Samoa, you are struck at once by remarkable differences, and by equally curious and deep-seated resemblances. I do not refer to external nature, but to everything connected with the people. They are most alike in their manners and customs and mode of life; less so in their (ancient) beliefs and in their personal appearance; and least of all, perhaps, in their language, though here, too, there are deep underlying resemblances. We are now no longer among the dark negroid Melane- sians, but among that fair Polynesian race which has so wonderful a range over the whole Pacific, starting from this point, and extending eastwards as far as the Sand- wich Islands on the north of the equator, and to the Marquesas and Easter Island on the south of it. Among these people you have, along with all the amiability and politeness of the Fijians, the superadded charm of an indescribable refinement, and of feeling that you are among a people with much greater intellectual possibilities. On the whole, they are decidedly fairer, varying from a dark to a light bronze, and the Samoan bronze has, so to speak, an extra dash of copper in it. The Tongan women, though not beautiful according to our standard, have singularly pleasant, *sonsy* faces, always ready to dimple into smiles. Among the Samoans you sometimes find real beauty, and figures of perfect symmetry and grace. The cheek- bones are no doubt a trifle prominent, and the nostrils wider than our own; but it is wonderful how soon the eye gets accus- tomed to such deviations from our stand- ard when you have nothing to measure them by. When I returned to civilization I thought our "leptorhine" noses had quite a pinched look! I noticed in Sam- oia, too—and this is surely a proof of the refinement of the race—that the old women, instead of becoming, as in so many countries, repulsive hags, often retained in face and figure much of the ele- gance of youth. In contrasting this race, however, with the Fijian, we must remem- ber that the latter are not typical Melane- sians, for they have in modern and probably in prehistoric times been much leavened by a Polynesian admixture. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that there is a dark strain in the Polye- sians; possibly they found a dark race in possession when they first arrived in the Pacific, and absorbed them; or possibly a Negrito element, in the archipelago, was an original component element of the Polynesian race.

All this charm of appearance and man-

ner, combined with the greater mental capacity, naturally inspires you with an even greater interest than you felt for the simpler Fijians. You marvel at the total absence among such a people of the art of writing. Have they lost it? There is not a trace of it left, and the old explanation, that it was lost owing to the absence of the necessary materials, strikes me as singularly insufficient, for the stuff which they manufacture for wearing purposes from the bast of the paper mulberry is practically a paper, and they draw patterns on it with a dark dye. Their taste for intellectual pursuits when cultivated is remarkable. A missionary whom I met in Samoa had translated some of our Science Primers, and found his people greatly interested by them. In Tonga, one of the most interesting sights I saw was the Wesleyan College, founded by Mr. Moulton, an enthusiast in teaching, and a man of exceptional culture. He has compiled for his people several biogra- phies of great men, a universal history, text-books of geography, mathematics, and natural history, besides adaptations and translations of hymns, and one of "Para- dise Lost," which he declares they not only appreciate but quote. The bent of their minds, however, is shown by a great aptitude for mental arithmetic, and a cor- responding slowness at solving a problem. They also seem bad linguists.

The Tongan music, like the Samoan, is an advance on the Fijian, and I was especially struck by the singing at the college on Sundays. Some popular airs, no doubt, were pressed into sacred service, but I have heard many a choir at home less efficient and less harmonious; and this is the more remarkable when we re- flect how different their music is from ours, and how much they have first to unlearn and then to acquire. I did not presume to put the collegians through their facings—first, because, being igno- rant of the language, it would have been easy to deceive me if there had been any such desire; most of the students, besides, were respectable married men and heads of families; and furthermore, among them, and taking a leading part in the work, stood, like Aspasia in the school of Athens (though she would be shocked by the comparison, for she was a most exem- plary young lady), a chief's daughter, who, having come out at the head of all the ex- aminations, had deigned to take in my washing. There could be no doubt, how- ever, of the intelligence and keen interest in their work shown by all concerned.

This bringing of the sexes freely together in their common studies — Polynesian morality being what it is — was a bold and original step on Mr. Moulton's part; but it succeeded admirably, for the young ladies were carefully superintended by Mrs. Moulton, and instructed by her besides in various womanly acquirements, and they were accordingly much sought after, not more for their accomplishments than for their virtues, by all the youth of Tonga. No other institution in these islands has done such practical service to the cause of morality, and it is sad to have to speak of it in the past tense; but even when I was there it was suffering under the tyrannical opposition of Mr. Baker, the ex-Wesleyan minister who has so long been dictator of the little State, and he has since had it violently broken up. To his proceedings, however, I shall return later.

There is another interesting side to the college training. Adjoining the long rows of simple collegiate cells or studies, and enclosed by a high orange fence, was the cricket-ground. I had not known of its existence, and the last thing perhaps I expected, when peering through the hedge, was to see a couple of these gentle natives standing up, bare-legged — no thought of pads or gloves here — to the swiftest bowling, while the fielding was splendid; a ball stopped or a catch which would excite the applause of Lord's, passes here as a matter of course. Cricket, by the way, has for some time been the rage in Samoa also. At Apia, the capital, I saw a match between the yacht Marchesa and a scratch Samoan eleven, in which the yachtsmen were nowhere. The game when first introduced took the Samoans by storm, and has rather run wild, for they sometimes play fifty or a hundred a side, the match lasting a week or two, to the great detriment of business, and the missionaries set their faces against it, unreasonably, I think, as it is surely a case for regulation rather than for suppression; but the easy-going Samoan cares less for ecclesiastical thunder than his cousin of Tonga. The Fijians, by the way, have also acquired cricket, and football too, which they play capably with bare feet. What would they think of Rugby "hacking"!

Well, it would hardly have occurred to us to introduce cricket if there had been no turf to play on, and yet the natives speak of the introduction (accidental) of our grasses as a grievance. One hardly understands the objection, for the grass sward surrounding a Tongan village gives

it, for English eyes, its greatest charm; but their ideal of tidy surroundings is the bare ground, with every green blade grubbed up. One sees a well-kept Samoan town thus treated, and no doubt, amid the tropical luxuriance of vegetation, it gives a *soigné* look, and the frequent showers prevent annoyance from dust; but it is not our idea of sweet Auburn. Other plants besides the grasses have been accidentally introduced by ships, and are a very serious nuisance, spreading everywhere, and taking forcible possession of otherwise useful land. The worst, perhaps, are one or two malvaceous plants (*Sida* sp.), growing some two to four feet high, and so thick that you can sometimes hardly get through them. The *Canna Indica*, too, very conspicuous with its bright red flowers, and covering acres of ground, only appeared in Tonga a few years ago; and I was struck, when visiting one of the greatest and strangest relics of antiquity, the famous trilith, to see growing in its interstices two common British plants, the little yellow oxalis, which is very common here, and the sow-thistle (*Sonchus*). A monument such as this trilith, however obscure its origin and purpose, adds greatly to the interest with which one regards this little country, showing that it has a history, if one could only read it, and a past. It stands quite by itself, in an opening off one of the charming green roads which are such a pleasant feature of the island, and consists of three huge blocks of coralline rock, the uprights about fifteen or sixteen feet high, six deep, and three wide, the transverse block neatly mortised into them, with a hollow at the top, said to have been used for drinking *kava*. As a gateway, it apparently leads nowhere. The most plausible suggestion as to its origin is that it was a *fatongia* — i.e., a work executed by way of tribute, or as a sign of submission by a conquered enemy. Local tradition says that the blocks came from Wallis Island, some five hundred and fifty miles to the north: and my lamented friend, the late consul H. F. Symonds, assured me not only that there was no rock in Tonga exactly similar, but that he had been shown, at Wallis Island, the place where the blocks were said to have been quarried — which to some extent corroborates the above theory. I sorrowfully testify to the merits of this promising young officer — but indeed he had already done good and useful work — who died afterwards of illness contracted at Samoa. A son of the distinguished geologist, the Rev. W. S. Sy-

monds, he was a keen observer of natural phenomena, and well versed in native customs and tradition. His warm and intelligent sympathy with the natives, while quite alive to their faults, had made him greatly beloved and trusted by them, and he was equally popular and respected among his own fellow-countrymen.

Another strange erection I saw, of which no explanation is forthcoming. It is a simple pile of stones, some thirty yards long, the ground-plan lozenge-shaped — *i.e.*, wider in the centre than at the ends. It slopes up from each extremity towards the centre, where it is some twelve feet broad and twenty-five feet high. It must formerly have stood by the water-side, for close by is a curious-looking tract of dry coral, with a burnt calcined appearance, which the tide seldom now covers; the land, in fact, has evidently risen recently, for scattered over it are a number of unfortunate mangrove-trees stranded, and throwing out their parched branch-roots in all directions in the vain search for water.

The *feitokas*, or burial-places of the old chiefs, also show an amount of mechanical skill and energy of which the present people are hardly capable. They are oblong mounds, each enclosed usually by three tiers of huge stones, rising in steps one above the other. One of the blocks I found to measure about $21' \times 6' \times 3'$. These *feitokas* were still kept in order, and some of them used, at the beginning of the century; but they are now buried in forests so dense that a complete view of their proportions cannot be had; but each mound was several times the length of the block I measured. On one I noticed that only the upper tier of stones was present, showing probably that these had been in all cases dragged into position first, on the same principle on which the ingenious Mr. Cope Whitehouse professes to explain the construction of the Pyramids. On some of the tombs great forest trees are growing, and the stone-work is covered with a network of roots and creepers. There are also some tombs on a much smaller scale, containing perhaps the bodies of children, or more probably of the wives, who, until two or three generations ago, were always strangled at the funeral of the Tui Tonga.

The ordinary Tongan burial-ground, though the graves are well cared for, has a dreary look, for not a blade of vegetation is admitted; each grave is strewn with white coral sand, with a border of shells or dark stones, and generally a little

wooden cross or two. It is usually fenced in with slabs of stone, and sometimes there is a border of a small red alternanthera; certain trees, too, are planted, especially the *nokonoko* or *casuarina*, on account of the weird sighing sound which the lightest air makes in its branches. The favorite and fashionable decoration, however, I have not yet mentioned. I remember being a little surprised when an American gentleman showed me, with justifiable satisfaction, the beautiful marble tomb which he had procured from Sydney, and erected over his native wife. It was kept in perfect order, and planted with the choicest flowers; while surrounding the whole, in lavish profusion, but tastefully arranged, were rows of inverted beer-bottles. I confess that, as with the biscuit-tin which adorned King Thakombau's grave, I failed quite to penetrate the symbol. And yet — a beer-bottle, inverted and empty! He who runs may, no doubt, read it for himself.

The towns in Tonga are much larger than in Fiji, and though the houses are much smaller (showing, it is said, the poverty to which the people are reduced under the present *régime*), there is greater elegance and refinement in their treatment of the same materials. Here the pigs are not allowed the disgusting freedom they enjoy in Fiji. You generally find pigsties, often overgrown and shaded with the double white-flowered datura, a mass of blossom. I do not, *bien entendu*, assert that this is planted to hide the pigs. Usually, too, you find enclosed gardens, fenced with bamboos or with the croton-oil plant, and always beautiful trees, mostly with showy blossoms, as the *barringtonias* and *fagras*, *inocarpus* and *terminalias*, besides *coco-palms* and oranges, and generally some fine spreading banyans. Under one of these, still standing near the Mua, the ancient capital, Captain Cook received his "Friendly" islanders, who all the time were plotting his destruction, though luckily they could not agree upon their plan. But the temptation of *loot* so priceless as that offered by a great European ship must have been nearly irresistible. Our Cornish wreckers of the same date were as savage, and more inexcusable.

The churches are externally mere white-washed barns, but I have been greatly struck by their interiors. The internal structure of supporting posts and rafters is somewhat different from the Fijian, and perhaps more elegant and ingenious. The

Roman Catholic Church at the Mua I especially remember, with its double row of lofty pillars, the trunks of *vesi* trees (*Azalea bijuga*), forming a long dark aisle; the symmetrical scaffolding, blending in the evening light with the beautiful lattice-work of the roof, seemed to melt into a delicate tracery, while the darkness threw into befitting gloom the usual cheap colored prints and gaudy images, — the only prominent ornament being great clusters of the large white cowry-shell suspended from the rafters. The whole effect was striking and impressive, infinitely more so than their new cathedral, which is of stone, picked out in light colors (!), the only stone building in these islands, and a doubtful experiment in a region of earthquakes. Its consecration was a grand affair. Whatever else the Church of Rome can do, *elle sait se faire valoir*. National dances and processions had been rehearsed for weeks, and there were some fine specimens of national costume, enhanced by the hideous contrast of an occasional chief — or worse, his wife — in the full glory of European dress. Then all the Roman Catholics from all the islands were not merely invited, but allowed to bring their friends, and the militia came and burned much powder in salutes, so that, in short, it looked as if all Tonga was there. Certainly one would have expected both the practical teaching and the pomp and ritual of this creed to be irresistible for natives like these, and their fidelity to their first converters is remarkable. The French priests, too, are, as a class, the most cultivated men you meet in these parts, and gentlemen besides; at least I never met an exception to this rule.

The Mua had the additional interest of showing the remains of an old Tongan fortification. This might be either rectangular or round, with a double ditch (some twelve feet deep and wide) and mound, and a latticed enclosure, loopholed and arrow-proof, on the top. On the green-sward lay neglected two very curious relics, 9-pounder carronades, with the crown and date 1813, possibly taken in fair fight from the Britisher; for not far from here, at Bea, I passed the remains of the stockade rashly attacked in 1840 by Captain Croker, R.N., of the *Favorite*, who, having been induced to take the side of King George in a religious contest, was killed in the assault, and his troops repulsed. He was buried, I think, at sea; but the clever monarch erected a tombstone to his memory — the motive being, let us say, one-third gratitude and two-thirds pride in

his countrymen's victory over the British. This remarkable man is still alive, though considerably older than the century, and now quite under Mr. Baker's influence. He has at first sight a strange *faux air* of the old German Kaiser, of which he is, of course, very proud, though on the outbreak of the Franco-German war he issued a proclamation of strict neutrality.

These pleasant Tongans have a good deal of vanity in their composition. They will engage as servants, but on the tacit understanding that there is nothing menial in the idea, or in your treatment of them. Thus they prefer not to have their wages paid regularly, but rather to come and ask you at intervals to oblige them with a few shillings, as they have some purchases to make. Not that even the upper class consider any manual work beneath them. At the college all take their turn at hard domestic work at the mission-house, and I was waited on at tea by what in Tongan is called a granddaughter — *i.e.*, a grand-niece — of the king, her sister being nurse at a friend's house. In fact people like having these aristocrats as servants, for they keep all the other servants in order. My house in Samoa was kept by an old lady, absolutely honest and devoted. She did everything needful, and her husband, a high chief and learned judge, took his turn at scrubbing the floors as a matter of course.

Tonga-tábu is delightful for riding and walking, the green roads traversing the forest in all directions, and this is never quite impenetrable, much of it indeed having at one time or other been under cultivation. The monotony of color, a common reproach to tropical forests, certainly does not exist here. Besides the variety of foliage and of blossom, chiefly white, on the trees themselves, you have masses of varied colors; crotons and coleus, a profusion of convolvulus, of clitorias and other peas, and beans with stout wooden stems, — Jack and his bean-stalk is no idle fable, — with many other creepers. Not the least beautiful among the trees are the varieties of citrus. I know of no more delicious orange than the great green orange of Tonga, and there is, besides the mandarin, shaddock, and other familiar varieties, one known here as *the orange (moli)* simply. All the other *molis* have qualifying names implying a foreign origin, and the orange is not usually considered indigenous to these islands; but it is difficult to suppose that this *moli* was imported, for, though a fine tree, it is valueless as a fruit, being nearly

all "white" inside, with a very small nucleus of pulp. And it could hardly have degenerated here. The natives use it for cleaning their hair.

It appears strange, with so much luxuriant verdure everywhere, never to see a running stream, or in fact, except in some swampy spot after heavy rain, any fresh water at all. There are wells, and no doubt underground catchment basins, where a stratum of altered coral or clay may retain the water, but it never rises in springs. I remember a couple of horses coming to Samoa from Tonga, one of which, though otherwise perfectly docile, could not for a long time be induced to cross a bridge or a running stream; the other, a more (or, query, less) rational being, made no difficulty, but left the responsibility to his rider. There is also water, usually brackish, in some of the caves, with which the island, an atoll by origin, seems honeycombed. One of these, said to extend across the island, has some very fine stalactites; another I saw was much blocked up by huge masses of rock, evidently detached from the roof by recent earthquakes.

In the very pretty village of Hihifo I came on a curious sight. Some time before reaching the spot the air was full of strange shrill sounds, which proceeded from an ancient clump of trees. From the branches of these depended in thousands what seemed like great oblong nuts or fruits; but one of these from time to time unrolled itself, took wing, and after a short cruise came back and hung itself up again. It is a huge colony of flying-foxes, which, being strictly *tābu*, are not molested; and they never leave the place except on the death of the chief, when they disappear, and having accompanied his spirit to Bulotu, the Polynesian Hades, return to Hihifo. I was informed that they positively thus disappeared at the death of the two last holders of the title, and were absent on each occasion about a fortnight. The time is interesting, as enabling one to calculate approximately the distance of those regions. These so-called "flying-foxes" are really gigantic fruit-eating bats (*Pteropidae*) with foxy-looking faces. It is pretty to see a female hanging by the claw of one wing to a branch, half asleep, with a young one suckling at her breast, supported by the other maternal wing, wrapped round her like any angel's. But the Tongans are only separated by a short space of time from sterner superstitions than that of Hihifo. An old lady of high rank called one day, and no-

ticing that she had lost a finger, I asked the cause. She answered simply that when she was young an uncle was very ill, and she was called, and her finger chopped off with a chisel and buried in the family tomb as an offering to the ancestors. There was no idea, she said, of sacrifice in the matter; but in fact it was common, though done with great reluctance, to sacrifice not merely a finger, but the whole child, to save an important life, or turn away the anger of a powerful spirit.

Among the curious things I heard of but did not see, yet from the character of my informants I have no doubt about, is the art which the natives possess of in some way attracting, or, as it is called, charming, the shark. The process consists of singing and gesticulations; the shark comes up, and allows the noose to be slipped over his head. If they are not ready for him, they motion him away. A quaint addition to my story is, that it is absolutely necessary to success (so the people assert and believe), that every member of the fishing party be, for the time, at charity with all men. Sitting at a *kava* ring of an evening, I have heard and seen the shark-song chanted by a party of laughing girls. It was musical and pretty enough; and I could quite understand that the play which they made simultaneously with waving arms and speaking eyes, and which was not intended to be without effect on the company present, would be quite irresistible to a shark.

Another kind of fishing, however, the leading facts of which are much more difficult to comprehend, I witnessed myself in Samoa. The marvel in this case is, that the quarry makes its appearance always on a stated day every year, — to wit, the last day of the third quarter of the moon towards the end of October. This is consequently known and reckoned on beforehand, and at the few places where it appears, it is the great sporting event of the year. I had accordingly made my arrangements, and embarking before daylight, pulled out towards the reef which fringed the shore, about a mile distant. The gradual break of day was very beautiful, disclosing, as one looked back, the grand outlines and masses of forest-clad mountains, and the long lines of surf-beaten reef. In front, between me and the surf, lay a long, dark mass, which, as the light broke, I perceived to be a great number of canoes with their occupants, men and women, in their most becoming attire, the simple petticoat of leaves or *tappa* with necklaces of fruits or flowers,

already waiting, and in high good-humor. Every one was provided with a thing like a racket or small butterfly-net, and every canoe with a small bucket or two. Soon one noticed patches of little bubbles on the surface, and looking closer, one saw that the water was alive with myriads of small, wriggling worms, some two or three inches long, which seemed to be swarming up from the reef. These every one proceeded vigorously to scoop up and transfer to the buckets. Sometimes the worms would fail, and the boats would move on a few yards to look for them; and there was much good-humored fun and chaffing as the outriggers got entangled with each other, and especially when a canoe-full of girls was upset—for they are all amphibious, and these accidents were generally intentional, and provocative of much gallantry on the part of their admirers. Soon our buckets began to fill with a substance which seemed half slime and the remainder a dark green mass like spinach; but the sport did not last long, for soon after the sun had cleared the horizon, the worms began to vanish like the manna of the Israelites, and the performance concluded abruptly with a general race for the shore. It lasts, however, for two mornings; and on going out next day the same scene was repeated, only with the difference that the worms had, as the natives said, "grown." Certainly, though not appreciably thicker, they were three times as long. They are thought a great delicacy, and are sent, wrapped in banana-leaves, to friends at a distance. I did not appreciate them, but some Europeans do, and compare them to caviare. The natives asserted unanimously that not a worm would be seen on the third morning. I had intended to go out and verify this, but the weather was too squally for a boat. The *palolo* only appear at one or two other points on the Samoan coast, and in Fiji. They are jointed annelids, and it is supposed that, breaking up and dissolving (as they do) in the water, the ova are fertilized; then these, sinking to the bottom, are hatched, and grow, and coming to the surface once more, precisely a year after, undergo the same process; but for the marvellous exactness to a day of their annual appearance, I doubt if the most omniscient philosopher has yet propounded a theory.

The cooking in these islands is excellent; the difficulty is about food. I refer to animal food only—for, assuming that you resent a perpetual diet of tinned meats and of pig, there remains only the occasional fowl, and still more occasional

fish; but the oven in which everything is prepared is one of the most effective culinary arrangements in the world, and probably one of the oldest,—at all events among peoples sufficiently civilized to have studied the question, for one finds it in widely distant countries. A hole is dug in the earth, and filled with brush-wood and stones; the fire is then lighted, and kept covered up till the stones are heated red-hot; then the charred wood is raked out, and the hunches of pig, or fowls, wrapped in banana-leaves, with the yams, *taro*, and everything else, are put in, and the whole covered up again with green banana-leaves. In half an hour or so everything is ready, and the food cooked to perfection. A Tongan dinner is a pleasant affair. The house, with its pretty walls of latticed reeds, is fresh and clean. You sit or recline, as in Fiji, on mats, resting comfortably against a kind of elevation at one end of the floor, or simply a board fixed there for the purpose. A balmy breeze, and charming vistas of forest or garden or picturesque neighbors, reach you through the open doorways, across which a plank about a foot high is placed to keep out the pigs. One is often tempted to sit down for a moment on this plank, an act, however, which is considered to be very bad form indeed. When every one is seated, a couple of men will come in bearing a great bundle some four feet long, wrapped in fresh banana-leaves. This is set down and unrolled, and the leaves serving as a tablecloth, the contents are spread upon it,—pieces of pork, fowls cooked in various ways—for they can boil as well as bake—pumpkins, yams, sweet potatoes, onions, and other vegetables. For beverage, some coconuts are placed in the oven, and their liquid contents drunk hot are most refreshing. The host tears up the fowls, etc., with his fingers, and you gladly use the same primitive implements, for we all privately admit their superiority when the leg of a chicken is concerned.

The manners of the people are excellent. Any one getting up to leave the company, or reaching up for anything on a shelf, and thereby putting himself for the moment in a superior position to you, utters a form of apology, or simply claps his hands, which has the same meaning. The children, usually up to eight or ten very attractive-looking and picturesque, play around, pleasant and well-behaved. The last thing that occurs to you is that your friends are "savages." You conceive a great liking for them, and yet you are

conscious of a tremendous gulf between. It is not precisely the inferiority of the "grey barbarian" to the "Christian child," for the grey barbarian is a very orthodox Christian; the feeling comes rather from the mystery of his origin, and the immense distance of his past — *i.e.*, of all which makes the present — from yours. Ponderous volumes, indeed, have been written to prove that we never were connected in the past; that they originated in New Zealand, and that all the migrations, of which they have such copious traditions, were from the south to the north. Some of the stories, no doubt, will read either way; but the great balance of probabilities shows that they came from some tropical land. Their yams, *kumalas*, and other tropical vegetables, for instance, to which the traditions allude, could not have originated in New Zealand, for they have degenerated there. On the whole, the weight of evidence leads to the view that the ancestors of the race were akin to the ancestors of the Malay. Philology seems to support this view, and also a connection, however remote, with the Melane- sians — a connection which, in spite of the contrasts and antipathies between the two, forces itself on you the more you observe and consider them.

Purely Polynesian place-names occur in an unbroken chain from the Pacific to the great Malay islands. Some ingenious writers, however, would give the race a still more distant and illustrious origin. They say that the name "Hawaii," which in different dialectic forms occurs in every group of the Pacific, is derived not only from Java — there is nothing extravagant in this supposition — but from Saba in Arabia, and that the race is really an offshoot of the old Cushite empire! Even supposing, however, that their ancestors belonged to one of the great civilized nations of antiquity, it is not difficult to imagine the steps by which material civilization and intellectual culture would disappear. Such culture was, after all, in those days the possession only of the few; it presupposes, too, some mastery of the mechanical arts. A ship's crew or body of emigrants would not be copiously equipped in either direction, and it is, besides, difficult to see how material civilization could be kept up in the entire absence of all the metals, and of all the chief domestic mammalia. And then, what would remain except lotus-eating, especially when all the surroundings suggest and make it easy? One occupation, indeed, remained to them — *viz.*, warfare.

The epoch of Captain Cook's visit seems to have been a time of comparative peace, and he found the three Tongan groups — *viz.*, Tongatábu, Haapai, and Vavau — united under one head. Shortly after this, however, it seems to have become the fashion for the more restless spirits to visit Fiji, where they could study and enjoy the art of war, and a time of disturbance followed in Tonga, the different groups falling under different chiefs. There was constant fighting, with the most reckless disregard of life, and, if not deliberate cruelty, a savage indifference to suffering, and even isolated outbursts of cannibalism, a practice also, it is said, acquired in Fiji, though it seems to have been considered bad form, and was specially discountenanced by the women, who have always in Tonga enjoyed exceptional influence and respect. This period of war and disturbance ended with the reunion of all the islands under the present sovereign, King George.

The Tongans, like the Fijians, owe their conversion to Christianity to the Wesleyans. The process was gradual, the only serious and long-continued repulse of the missionaries having been due, not to spontaneous native opposition, but to the influence of one or two English settlers, ex-convicts, who persuaded the people that there was a conspiracy to bewitch and destroy them. War and politics had a good deal to do with the eventual establishment of the faith; a Roman Catholic mission, opportunely striking in, secured the allegiance of a disaffected chief and his followers.

The events which led up to the crisis which was afflicting the islands when I was there are worth a short recapitulation, if only because they must, I think, very soon lead to an interference on our part more effectual than that of last year. King George, after ruling very fairly for some time on a native system, fell gradually more under the influence of the missionaries, and the government became practically a kind of theocracy of a severe and not very enlightened type. It was the old story — trying to make men virtuous (and life dull) by acts of Parliament, enforced mainly by fines and labor; a system which naturally stimulates those who profit by it pecuniarily to invent new and quite conventional crimes or sins. The pressure on the people became very heavy; for, besides taxation and fines, there were the so-called voluntary contributions to the *lotu* or religion.

I have no doubt it was all well meant,

and on the religious side so far honest that there was no concealment about it, for it has always been the cardinal principle of Wesleyan missions to make the war support the war; but the practice, for instance, of allowing missionaries to engage in trade is worse than doubtful, and the system of levying contributions, from natives such as these, to an amount far exceeding the expenses of the mission — thousands of pounds have been remitted from Tonga in a single year to headquarters at Sydney — is, I think, quite indefensible. Meanwhile reports of malpractices on the part of the government became rife, and were increasingly identified with the Wesleyan administration, because their chief minister, the Rev. Shirley Baker, had acquired great influence over the king, and was in all but name prime minister. Accordingly, Sir Arthur Gordon, the governor of Fiji, who, as high commissioner of the Pacific, had jurisdiction over all British subjects settled in the independent islands, called the attention of the Wesleyan authorities in Sydney to the alleged misdoings of their officer, and insisted on their inquiring into his conduct. It is difficult to suppose that the committee whom they sent to Tonga learned much there which they did not know before; at all events, Mr. Baker had up to that time sent annually to Sydney very handsome contributions, wrung from the flock by devices more than doubtful, and against which, as he plainly reminded the committee, no remonstrances had been addressed to him. However, the result of the inquiry was, that Mr. Baker had to choose definitely between the ecclesiastical line and the political, and electing the latter, became formally the head of the government.

The popular discontent had meanwhile been expressed in a petition to England, praying her Majesty to remove Mr. Baker. It was translated into English by Mr. Moulton, a circumstance of which Mr. Baker availed himself to persuade the king that Mr. Moulton and Sir A. Gordon were leagued in a conspiracy to annex the islands. Then followed ostentatious coquetting with Germany, to which Mr. Baker granted the valuable strategical harbor of Vavau — a step, however, which had to be disallowed. Smarting under the verdict of the Sydney conference, Mr. Baker then determined on a counterstroke, and proclaimed that the Church of Tonga, as became the Church of an independent and civilized kingdom, should henceforth be national and free. In the

abstract this was fair enough, and, in fact, reasonable. Moderate suggestions for greater freedom, especially as regarded finance, had been sent from Tonga to Sydney before, and unwisely disregarded. Up to this time, then, without considering Mr. Baker's government either pure or enlightened, we may set down a great part of the blame rather to the system than to the man who worked it; but for all the subsequent misery and evil-doing he alone is responsible. Probably he expected very little resistance to the new scheme. It was explained to the people that there was to be no change in doctrine or discipline, and that their contributions should henceforth be spent on themselves. Possibly, however, a guarantee from Mr. Baker, who had hitherto taken their money, that their money should no longer be taken, was a security which they liked not. At all events, not even their unlimited veneration for the king, who made it a test of personal love and loyalty, sufficed to bring about a general consent to the change. They had got their *lotu* from the Wesleyans; it was a point of honor to stick to the Wesleyans. Then persecution began. It was easy to play on the despotic, not to say savage, instincts of the old warrior-king, and make him believe that nonconformity meant rebellion — than which nothing was farther from the truth. The constancy shown by these poor people was very remarkable. Their lands were confiscated; they were savagely beaten and maltreated; banished to distant, barren islands; respectable men were condemned on frivolous pretences to hard labor, where I have seen them with the common prison-gangs; one saw their churches, as one rode through the country, with the doors nailed up. If you quoted to Mr. Baker the constitution, which grants religious liberty, he replied that the National Church being now established by law, nonconformity became a civil offence.

It may well be supposed that I found men's minds everywhere in a state of tension, yet these persecutions were far from being the only grievance. The whole administration is abominably oppressive, affecting all classes, though brought to bear with special severity on the "Wesleyans." Although these people have no manufactures or trade or other resources than their coco-nuts, the government taxes amount to some eleven dollars a head in money from each taxpayer, and even this is only a part of his liabilities, for each not only pays on an average nearly as much in fines,

but the estimated value of his forced labor is about as much more. It will be said that they might escape the fines and labor by behaving themselves. Well, at first sight they seem to be a very naughty people, for in the island of Tonga, with a population of nine thousand, there are thirty to forty cases in the police courts weekly; about six hundred are undergoing labor sentences, and as many more paying fines for which such labor is commuted — *i.e.*, altogether thirteen per cent. of the population are criminals under sentence! But let us analyze one week's offences. Out of thirty-three cases, seven had been seen without their upper garment (for a man may not in this tropical country work even inside his garden, or pull his boat, with his shirt off), three had neglected to hoe their roads, ten had committed fornication, two had allowed their pigs to stray, and one woman had been found with a pinafore so small that only one arm went through. How long would any of us escape whipping if we lived in Tonga! It is easy to imagine the way such a system can be worked by officials desirous to raise the wind, or moved by personal spite. I need only allude to the every-day sight of gangs of young women, often with child, working in public, and to the frequency of abortion, practised to escape such degradation. But the whole system is most oppressively worked. Where all the money goes to is a question. The revenue amounts to some £20,000 a year. The king's allowance is £1,200. The few public works are carried out by forced labor. The salaries of officials are insignificant. The ministries of State, indeed, are numerous, but the ministers are few, for, in fact, the seals of the foreign office, of education, of lands, besides the premiership, are all held by Mr. Baker; and as he is, besides, his own auditor-general, and there is practically no audit, further investigation of the subject would, perhaps, be a waste of time.

It was sad to see so much needless suffering among a people so capable otherwise of enjoying life; but all one could do was to promise to make known their grievances at home, and earnestly to preach patience until the arrival of the high commissioner, whose visit was expected. He did not, however, arrive for some months; and before that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to shoot Mr. Baker, which he avenged, first, by executing a number of men after a trial which he himself superintended; and then by bringing over to the island some hundreds of their old

rivals, the people of Haapai and Vavau, to ravage and plunder, which they did to their hearts' content for some weeks. The result of Sir Charles Mitchell's inquiry was a recommendation to the effect that although Mr. Baker amply deserved deportation, yet out of consideration for his feelings — his son and daughter were wounded by the shots intended for him — and owing to the king's regard for him, he should nevertheless be left in power. No doubt if deported he might have tried to create disturbance; still this seems a lame conclusion. No guarantees for his future good conduct were taken, and he at once announced to the natives that the result of the inquiry was his complete exoneration and a personal triumph. I hear, too, on good authority, that he has not since mended his ways. Why should he? He will probably proceed with more caution; but being himself both law and executive, the people are quite at his mercy, and what is equally unsatisfactory, they are left with the impression that England has deserted them.

One contemplates the near future, then, with some anxiety, for at the old king's death, if not sooner, a serious crisis must occur, and if we have no vessel of war on the spot, the future may be settled in a way we shall not like. It is especially important to our Pacific interests that the harbor before mentioned at Vavau, the strongest position within many hundreds of miles, should not become the possession of any possible rival. It is a splendid land-locked inlet, many miles in extent. The island itself, though mainly of coral, is quite different from Tonga, and very beautiful. On the north side you ride for miles along the edge of precipitous cliffs, hundreds of feet high, which recall in some ways the coast of Capri, but with the addition of a splendid and luxuriant vegetation. The distance from Tonga is some two hundred miles, which, trusting to the trade-wind, I traversed in a three-ton boat. But the wind failed one night, and I found myself becalmed next day out of sight of land. Here, reposing all day on lumps of coral ballast, with a blazing sun overhead, in the heavy lazy roll of an oily sea, the native crew occasionally indulging in an appalling duet of conch-shells, I had leisure to contemplate the possibility that we might be drifting out of our course (we had nothing but a compass), and that the next land we sighted might be the south pole. Native boats, in fact, are often lost in this way. The volcanic islands are the only guide, for there is a chain of them,

parallel with the main direction of the group, and often in eruption. Hearing one day of an outburst at Niuafoou, I at once made for the scene of action, but only to find that after a terrible eruption, lasting eighteen days, it had ceased the day before. Its results, however, were very curious. The long rain of moistened dust had broken down the branches of all the coco-palms, besides burying the yam-grounds, and in some places the houses, to a depth of many feet. The trees would probably recover, but not for a couple of years, and the gardens would eventually improve; but it all meant starvation in the mean time. From the summit of the island one looked down on the lake occupying about one-fourth of its area, probably the crater of the original eruption which formed the island. In it were a couple of little island cones, one, if not both, with a miniature lake at the top, while the recent eruption, which also rose from the lake, had thrown up another hill some two hundred feet high; and there were still some seething pools beside it. The people, though terrified, had behaved admirably, taking care of their sick and aged, and the only deaths had been from fear and exposure combined. Strange to say, the date of the eruption, 31st August, coincided, within a few hours, with that of the great earthquake in South Carolina. The entire island is volcanic, and landing was difficult. Along the coast I noticed two great lava-flows which took place respectively forty and twenty years ago; the latter still bare of vegetation, and extending far into the sea like a huge break-water.

I have incidentally said something of Samoa, and cannot do more than allude to its enchanting scenery. The soil is so fertile that the mountains, of most romantic form, are clothed to their summits with varied and luxuriant forest; an especially pleasant feature being the number and beauty of the streams, limiting your rides, however, along the coast, unless you are prepared for a swim when the tide is up. The people have all the attractive manners of the Tongans, and if less energetic, excel them in good looks, and I think in acuteness. One of my native acquaintances, with a countenance brimming over with humor, had been sent as a missionary to the neighboring Ellice Islands. Here he proceeded to lecture the natives on political geography, explaining that the four great nations of the world were England, France, Germany, and Samoa. The power of France and Germany was

neutralized by their mutual jealousies; England was well disposed, but inactive; it was therefore the manifest destiny of his hearers to belong to Samoa, and he would annex them accordingly! Political geography, however, not coming within the missionary syllabus, this enterprising teacher was recalled. It struck me that their music had perhaps more melody than the Tongan. Nothing certainly could be more effective than their boat-songs, chanted by large parties as they pass along the coast. One specially characteristic performance, I heard, though shorn unfortunately of its principal charms, for there was to have been some good dancing; but of the two chief lady performers one was ill, and the other, the daughter of a high chief, had that morning eloped. The father, however, took it like a philosopher, and came and explained the rest of the performance to me, for I had gone rather early, and found the family at evening prayers. Among other things a dirge was sung, or rather performed, in honor of a great chief who had recently died. The music was fine and solemn, and the performance must have been carefully rehearsed, all the singers moving their arms or bodies in the most perfect unison to symbolize the various exploits of the deceased, as a fisherman, a carpenter (everywhere in the islands a very honorable calling), a warrior, and so forth. Then came some simple acting. First the chief actor represented a cat, and sitting on a "wall" formed by two other men—recalling Pyramus and Thisbe—yelled and cried as a (human) dog came to attack him. It was very clever, but their best piece was one in which this same performer, a born actor, represented Death. Another actor represented a woman, with a bundle for a child on her knee. The hideous grimaces of Death, as he alternately approached and peered over his little would-be victim, and then retreated again, and the piercing shrieks of the mother and the wailing of the child, were horribly real. Finally, a medicine-man came in, and taking Death by the hand led him away, baffled but reluctant, and ever and anon looking back with fiendish grimaces, while the mother's shrieks quieted down into sobs. I never saw a more effective bit of acting.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the lands of Samoa were intended primarily for the Samoans and not for European planters, it was sad to see, as one travelled along the coast, how largely the natives had alienated their lands. It

may be said there is plenty of room for them inland. So there may be, but they have so identified life with the seashore, that they cannot conceive of existence away from it. Even those who have been thus dispossessed go up into the country to their work, but return to live on the shore. They bitterly repent it now, for all the most available lands are either held or claimed by white men, and as a rule no adequate price has been paid for them. There is urgent need for a really independent commission to settle all land questions on broad considerations of equity, and this leads to the question, Who is to appoint this commission or to enforce its decrees? Now, abstractly, I venture to hold that England, in virtue of the simple fact that Australia and New Zealand are where and what they are, has paramount claims in the Pacific; the interests and corresponding rights of the other powers in that part of the world do not bear appreciable comparison with ours. Whether or not it is desirable that England should control, or protect, or annex Samoa, is another matter; but the above view of our position should never be lost sight of in dealing with these questions. Shortly, matters stand at present in Samoa thus: For a long period different districts considered themselves as sovereign (*tuamua*) and independent of each other, and the feeling is still far from extinct. This led to constant warfare; but at last a certain party, headed by the representative of a great and popular family, Malietoa, became so pre-eminently powerful, that, to ensure peace and good government, the three powers chiefly interested — viz., England, Germany, and the United States — agreed to recognize him as king of all Samoa.

The German trading and planting interests in Samoa are almost all merged in one great company, which is influentially represented at Berlin. Its local manager having differences — into which I will not enter — with Malietoa, caused German influence to be exerted very harshly against him; his enemies thus encouraged took heart again, while the respective consuls, for different reasons, hindered Malietoa from attacking and crushing the enemy, which he could easily have done. Then, feeling his ruin to be determined on, Malietoa committed the natural but (in the German view) unpardonable mistake of imploring British protection. His rival now received open countenance from the Germans, and his administration thus becoming paralyzed, various cases of petty

pilfering occurred on the German plantations, for which exorbitant damages were claimed. At last a German man-of-war landed some hundreds of men, seized the unfortunate king, and carried him off, appealing in vain to the other signatories of the agreement; and they then installed the pretender, a very inferior character to Malietoa, as I know from personal acquaintance with both. (Poor Malietoa was carried first to New Guinea, and has since been sent, for further *change of air*, to the west coast of Africa.) This apparently summary breach of a joint definite arrangement is much to be regretted, coming from an ally with whom we are, and I hope always shall be, on the best of terms. The American government has expressed its strong disapproval, and it is difficult to believe that the policy was ordered from headquarters. The question is, What will the Germans do now? Will they assist their *protégé* to form a strong government? They prevented a better man from doing so, but I suspect that the instigators of that policy did not want a strong government. It would not suit *trade* — of a certain kind. The importation of firearms and drink, and the mortgaging by the natives of their lands to pay for these, would not be then merely forbidden, as now — they would be prevented.* I should gladly have seen a British protectorate; but if this is not to be, and if Germany really desires now to do justice by all parties, it would at least be more straightforward to annex at once — the possible cost of forcing her rule on an unwilling people is not our affair — than to continue her present policy. And meanwhile, if, after all, our government has agreed in principle to abandon the control of Samoa to Germany, it is desirable that this should be made known at the earliest convenient moment. This would at all events shorten the existing state of friction, and place us in a more intelligible and less invidious position. In such an event I assume, of course, that the claims of British subjects — the value of which, as compared to the German, have, by the way, been absurdly understated — would be equitably considered. And I will also assume that a just and humane native policy would also then be prescribed directly from Berlin. The generality of Germans who come in contact with these natives are impatient and unsympathetic towards a philosophy of life so different from their own; while at

* They are also forbidden to British subjects by the High Commission, and by them the prohibition is generally obeyed.

home, German public opinion, never having had occasion hitherto to exercise itself on such questions, is as yet more or less unpronounced, if not unformed. But I should be sorry to doubt that with the interests and responsibilities created by their new dominion over these weaker races, there will come a development of the philanthropic spirit which will make itself increasingly felt.

COUTTS TROTTER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

THE anonymous author of a curious and entertaining little duodecimo, "*Nugæ Venales*," published in 1663, asks, among a good many pleasant questions, one which it is not easy, I think, to answer off-hand, "Which is the best kind of nose?" Now, if you turn to the pages of poet and novelist for assistance, you find that their favorite feminine creations are usually provided with a nose of what is called the Grecian type; or otherwise, in alluding to this feature, they adopt a charming French periphrase, *un nez retroussé*,—which Lord Tennyson has so piquantly translated for us by his admirable compound, "tip-tilted,"—and then leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. I do not myself see why there should exist an objection to the plain, honest old English "snub," which, we are told, might justly have been applied to the nasal feature of Cleopatra herself, the swarthy beauty whose voluptuous charms enslaved the famous Antony, and cost him half the world. But there seems an equal objection to acknowledging that the nose of a heroine can be Roman; the reader is shunted off on the epithet "aquiline," or, as Scott says of Flora Macivor, "an antique and regular correctness of outline." It is a prevalent impression, however, that a large nose is a kind of outward and visible sign of intellectual power or force of character, and the impression seems to be confirmed on careful observation and patient inquiry. Everybody knows that the hero of Waterloo's nose was of such conspicuous dimensions that it became a favorite butt of the wits of the pavement, like that proboscis of Slawkenbergius, which Sterne has immortalized. The "eagle beak" of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Sinde (you remember the veteran's punning announcement of

his conquest, *Peccavi*, "I have sinned"? has not yet been forgotten. To the truth of the popular theory let the "Iron Chancellor" bear witness, as well as great statesmen generally, and warriors, and musicians, and actors. And the author of "*Nugæ Venales*," in answering his own query, decides in favor of a "large nose," reminding us that Numa, the royal legislator of Rome, was blessed with a nose six inches long, whence he was surnamed Pompilius—just as if one should say "Numa-with-nose-superlative." And he adds that Homer's measured seven inches, without giving any authority for the measurement, however. Plutarch says Lycurgus and Solon had big noses, and all the kings of ancient Rome—except Tarquinius Superbus, who, as historians relate, was dethroned and exiled, probably because his nose was not up to the normal standard. I need not remind the reader why "capricious Ovid" was surnamed *Naso*; but he may not remember the epigram on Henry Kett, who, once upon a time, labored guilelessly in the fields of literature, to the effect that if not an Ovid he was at least a *Naso*. Camoens, the soldier poet of the "Lusiadas," owned a nose of majestic proportions; but the poets generally, I think, have not had much to boast of in this respect. You may quote against me Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson; but what about Davenant, and Pope, and Goldsmith, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth? to say nothing of Shelley, whose nose, I fear—like General Wolfe's—was decidedly a snub, though Medwin admits no more than that the poet's features were "not regularly handsome," and Hogg, that they were "unusually small."

That eccentric character, Cyrano de Bergerac, from whose "*Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune*" Swift may have borrowed the hint of his "*Gulliver's Travels*," owned a nose of such magnitude, that he walked the streets, sword in hand, to chastise any malapert who inquired of it too curiously.

Madame de Genlis, whose books now sleep on dusty shelves but were once eagerly thumbed and dog-eared, had been unkindly treated by nature as to her nose. But she made the best of it, and when the engraver of a medal cast in her honor represented her with an aquiline, she waxed indignant, and wrote: "Is *that* my delightful little snub? *that* the nose which has been celebrated in prose and song? which, like all noses of its kind, ends in a nice little boss, and is, in truth, the prettiest

ever seen?" I think she was quite right. She wanted her own nose, her own property, towards which she felt, like Touchstone towards Audrey: "an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." Much to be commended is the fine candor of Hay, the author of "An Essay on Ugliness," about 1756. "Physical deformity," he says, "is very rare. Out of five hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one who has reason to complain of his figure. I thank my worthy constituents for never having alleged anything against my person, and hope they will never have anything to allege against my conduct." Those, then, who are afflicted with abnormal, ugly, commonplace, and defective noses may derive comfort from the reflection that they are in good company—a company which includes Pope, and Lord Brougham, and Thackeray, and Charles Darwin, in whose deeply interesting memoir just issued by his son, the reader will find how good temperedly the great master of science bore with the silly ridicule directed against a physical peculiarity.

It is a comfort for most of us to know that "good parts" may exist without the accompaniment of "good looks," and that however far below the standard of beauty a man's nose may be, he may prove a faithful husband, a loving father, and an honest citizen. All this he may be, and something more; a great painter, like Giotto; a brilliant orator, like Mirabeau; a leader of men, like Danton; or a successful mime, like the elder Mathews. Few men have had less to recommend them personally than John Wilkes, who squinted diabolically, and had a bad nose; but by the charm of his address, and the attraction of his conversation, he became a special favorite with *le beau sexe*. Who has not read of the ugly scarred face of Oliver Goldsmith, and the funny little dancing figure, which not even the Tyrian-bloom velvet coat could invest with an air of dignity? And the rolling gait of Dr. Johnson, his corpulent person, his St. Vitus's dance, and his blinking eye? And the unwieldy bulk of Gibbon, the historian, who, having fallen on his gouty knees to sue for the love of a fair lady, could not get up again without her assistance? Vauvenargues, whose aphoristic wisdom was recently praised by Mr. John Morley, was so disfigured by small-pox, that he refused to re-enter society; and the world owes to his voluntary seclusion the insight and sagacity of the "Maximes." His, however, was an acquired, not a natural ugly-

ness, which reminds me of Lady Charlotte Lindsay's happy saying. Having been complimented, in her declining years, on looking very well, "I dare say it's true," she replied, "the bloom of ugliness is past."

That was a severe epigram which La Monnoie made on Balthasar Bekker, who was notorious for his more-than-plainness. In his "World Enchanted," written to allay the superstitious fears excited by the comet of 1680, Bekker had denied the existence of the Devil; to which La Monnoie rejoined, in a quatrain I shall endeavor to imitate ("Oui, par toi de Satan la puissance est brisée," etc):—

Old Nick's dethroned by thee, 'tis true,
But thou hast something still to do;
For if of him thou'dst make an end,
Thou must suppress thy portrait, friend!

The deformity of Scarron, the French humorist, is more widely known than his verse. In his writings he makes quite a boast of it. "My head," he says, "is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough for my body to appear very meagre. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral triangle, and at length an acute angle. My thighs and body form another, and my head, always dropping on my breast, makes me a tolerable representative of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgment of human miseries." The appearance of the banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, was almost repellent. The story runs that, having visited, in company with Lord Dudley, the Catacombs of Paris, and spent an hour or two in that city of the dead, he was about to take his departure, when the keeper, aghast at his corpse-like look, exclaimed, "Holà! Get you back; you have no right to come out!" Rogers afterwards remonstrated with Lord Dudley for deserting him in his emergency. "My dear Rogers," he replied, "I did not like to interfere; you looked so much at home."

Homer was not only the first of the world's *great* poets, but of the world's *blind* poets. The list includes Tyrtæus, among the ancients; and among the moderns, Leopold, the German; Kozlov, the Russian; Delille, the Frenchman; and our own Dr. Blacklock, who, it must be confessed, was a small poet, though a worthy man. Blind musicians have been not uncommon; the flowers are still fresh on the grave of Macfarren, and it is not very long ago that we were lamenting the loss

of Henry Smart. In James Wilson's "Biography of the Blind" (edit. 1838) you will find a mass of interesting information relative to philosophers, scholars, men of letters, and others, who, like the late Henry Fawcett, did not allow their grave physical defect to debar them from the activities and enjoyments of life. The reader will, of course, be familiar with the story of the Genevese Huber, and his fascinating researches into the economy of the bee-world; and of Dr. Sanderson, who toiled assiduously in the paths of scientific investigation, and became professor of mathematics and optics in the University of Cambridge. It is a common plea that the loss of one of the senses quickens and strengthens all the others; and Sanderson's faculty of touch became so exquisite that in a collection of Roman coins and medals he could distinguish the genuine from the false by feeling them, though the counterfeits had deceived the keen eyesight of competent connoisseurs. Nor was his hearing less acute; so that he could determine the dimensions of a room into which he was introduced for the first time, and his distance from the wall at any point where he might be placed.

Perhaps the case of the sculptor Gonnelli is less familiar. He was stricken with blindness at the age of twenty, but continued the practice of his art; and, in spite of his infirmity, executed some admirable portraits in terra-cotta. One of Pope Urban VIII., a good specimen of his skill, is preserved in the Palazzo Barberini at Rome. We are told that it was sufficient for him to pass his hand over a person's face and features to produce an exact likeness. On one occasion the Princess Colonna presented him with a medallion, which she averred was that of Prince Barberini. The sculptor handled it for a moment, and then fell to kissing it with the exclamation, "Ah, madame, you cannot deceive me. I know that this is the face of my good master the pope." One would think he must have had eyes at his finger's tips to be able merely by the touch to detect the almost imperceptible lines of the relief on a medallion.

Blind warriors I must pass over briefly, though it would be interesting to dwell upon Ziska, the leader of the Hussites, Boleslas II. of Bohemia, Magnus of Norway, and John the Blind, king of Bohemia, killed at Cressy, whose plume of ostrich feathers has since been the cognizance of our Princes of Wales. Amongst one-eyed heroes I can name only Nelson; do you remember how, when an unwelcome signal

flew from the commander-in-chief's masterhead at Copenhagen, he clapped his glass to the blind eye, and protested he could not see it? Nelson was also one-armed, and so was Lord Raglan. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, at the Alma, lost both arms and legs. But as these were injuries received in battle, they cannot legitimately be called "physical peculiarities."

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list. There is that brilliant soldier, the Maréchal de Luxembourg, of whom Macaulay writes in one of his most finished passages: "Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back." The reader knows the hunchbacked Richard of Shakespeare's powerful drama; but historical research seems to have delivered the king from his burden, and to have shown that he was only high-shouldered. Lord Lytton, in his "Last of the Barons," has adopted the modern view: "Though the back was not curved," he says, "yet one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains that he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendor, savoring of personal coxcombray — from which no Plantagenet was ever free — that he exhibited in his dress." The great minister of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; the learned German theologian, Eber; our "glorious deliverer," William III.; the famous general of Spain, the Duke of Parma, these were all "crook-backs." The poet Pope had a protuberance both on the back and in front, and one of his sides was contracted.

Few physical defects are more annoying, though many are more grievous, than stuttering. It is true that Charles Lamb skilfully availed himself of it in his own case to lend an additional piquancy to his jests, as when a fond mother asked him, "How do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" and he answered, "B — boi — boi — boiled, ma'am!" But, generally speaking, the stutterer is a nuisance to himself and to his hearers. Demosthenes, as we know, conquered the affliction, which would otherwise have been fatal to his oratorical success. The French poet Malherbe was a stutterer; and so was our English poetess and actress, charming

Mrs. Inchbald, who found it a serious obstacle in her professional career. D'Annebaut, the French admiral; the Italian engineer Tartaglia; Louis XIII., king of France; Camille Desmoulins, the wittiest of the Revolutionists, whose "Vieux Cordelier" contains some masterly specimens of French prose; Boissy d'Anglas, surnamed the orator Babeibobu; the painter David, and the critic Hoffmann,—all belonged to the noble army of stuttering masters.

Of men of genius have been numerous. I shall name but three: Lesage, the creator of "Gil Blas;" La Condamine, the astronomer; and Ludwig von Beethoven. For a musician we can hardly imagine a greater misfortune, and we know how deep a gloom it cast over the later years of the composer of "Fidelio." That is a touching story, how at a great concert given at Vienna, when thunders of applause greeted the performance of his ninth symphony, the deaf composer was gently turned towards the audience that he might see the enthusiasm which he could not hear.

Corpulence is another misfortune, though to read the writings of our wits and humorists you might take it to be an exquisite joke. But to carry about you at bed and board, at home and out-of-doors, a burden of "too, too solid flesh," can be no pleasant task, and should command our sympathy rather than excite our ridicule. Think of Dionysius, the tyrant of Heraclea, who was almost suffocated by his enormous mass of fat, like a prize bullock at a cattle-show. His physicians prepared a number of needles, very long and thin, with which to wake him when he fell into a lethargy. They were thrust through the superincumbent layers of adipose until they reached his flesh, and he began to throw off his torpor, like a boar-constrictor after a heavy meal. Exercise of every kind was impossible to him, and as in those days Banting had not prophesied, nor "Anti-Fat" been advertised, the unfortunate tyrant was compelled to submit to his destiny, and increase in quantity, if not in quality, every day. But he was not the only obese sovereign of antiquity. Athenæus tells us that Alexander, son of Ptolemy II., attained to such proportions that he could not walk without the support of two attendants.

At Rome, according to Aulus Gellius, the equites who grew too fat to ride were deprived of their horses by order of the censors. On the other hand, some of the mediæval writers seem to have regarded

a certain amount of, let us say, plumpness, as a special favor from above. The biographer of the Abbé Suger, minister of Louis VI., says: "Despite the different gifts and graces of all kinds with which Heaven endowed him, one was unhappily wanting. After assuming the reins of government, he grew no stouter than he had been as a private person; while nearly everybody else in the community, however lean and meagre they had previously been, had no sooner received the imposition of hands, than they grew sleek and round in cheeks and paunch," a result which does not usually follow that ecclesiastical ceremony.

The list of fat kings includes William the Conqueror, whose unwieldy dropsical condition in the closing months of his adventurous life provoked a rude jest from King Philip of France ("He has as long a lying-in," said Philip, "as a woman behind her curtains." "When I get up," swore William, with a grim smile, "I will go to mass in Philip's land, and bring a rich offering for my churching," and he kept his word), Charles le Gros, Louis le Gros, Henry I., king of Navarre, Sancho I., king of Leon, Alphonso II., king of Portugal, our own Henry VIII., and Louis XVIII. of France, surnamed *Le Désiré*. To the family of the corpulent also belong—Bruni, the Italian poet; Dillenius, the German botanist; Haller, the physiologist; Gibbon, the historian; James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons;" Bartley, the actor who could play Falstaff without stuffing; and Lablache, the famous singer ("One could have clad a child," says Chorley, "in one of his gloves").

Some very great men intellectually have been very small men physically, the stature, as Dr. Watts has told us, being no index to the mind. Thus, among the ancients, we find Agesilaus, the ablest of the Spartan kings; the Roman orator, C. Lucinius Calvus, who frequently engaged in rhetorical duels with Cicero; and the actor Lucius. The Alexandrian philosopher Alypius was a dwarf of only three feet, and made the best of his diminutiveness by thanking God for his goodness in loading his soul with so small a weight of corruptible matter. When we come down to modern times, we encounter a list so long as to suggest the suspicion that the world's prizes must always have been reserved for the sons of Lilliput. William of Malmesbury asserts that Edgar the Pacific—in whose memorable reign this redoubtable island of ours first as-

sumed the name of Engleland or England — was “extremely small both in stature and in bulk.” So, too, were Attila, the scourge of Rome; Procopius, the historian; King Knut, Gregory of Tours, King Pepin, surnamed *Le Bref*; Philip Augustus, who accomplished so much towards the consolidation of the French monarchy; Charles III. of Naples, Albert the Great, of whom is told the pleasant story (it is also told of others) that the pope, at an audience, several times invited him to stand up, under the impression that he was still on his knees; the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, who first made the voyage from Europe to India; Pomponazzi, the Italian philosopher, and Erasmus, the illustrious author of the “*Encomium Moriae*,” and one of the leading lights of the Christian Renaissance. Of this great scholar Beatus Rhenanus informs us that he was low of stature, but it is true that he adds not remarkably short, and well-shaped, as little men often are. We have forgotten St. Neot, who was so small that, when saying mass, he had to be elevated on a step made of iron, so that he might reach the altar; Pope Gregory VII., under whom the papacy reached its climax of splendor; Jean Guilton, the Huguenot mayor of Rochelle, who defended it so heroically against the forces of Richelieu; the painter and dwarf, Edward Gibson, patronized by Charles I., whose wife, Anne Shepherd, was exactly his own height, three feet two inches; Prince Eugene, the illustrious colleague of Marlborough, whom he helped to win Blenheim and Oudenarde; Maria Theresa, queen of Austria and Hungary (“*Moriatur pro nostro rege*,” cried the Hungarian magnates); the French chemist, Rouelle, who numbered Oliver Goldsmith among his pupils; David Garrick, greatest of English actors (“*Pray, sir*,” said a lady to Foote, “are your puppets to be as large as life?” “Oh, dear, no, madam,” answered the wit; “not much above the size of Garrick”); Hoffmann, the writer of so many weird and wondrous “*Phantasie-stücke*,” and composer of that opera of “*Undine*” which Weber praised with so much generous warmth; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (“He was short,” says Herr Pohl, “but slim and well-proportioned, with small feet and good hands; as a young man he was thin, which made his arm look large, but later in life he became stouter. His head was somewhat large in proportion to his body”); Quevedo, author of those strange “*Sueños*” or “*Visions*,” from which later writers have borrowed so

freely; and Baron Denon, the French traveller and Egyptologist.

Montaigne was an admirer (like Frederick II.) of tall men, and he even goes so far as to assert that when a man of tall stature marches at the head of his battalion his appearance commands the respect of his followers and strikes terror into the heart of the enemy. But the great Condé, whose genius for war no one can dispute, and Napoleon and Suwarrow, the Russian commander, and Nelson, the greatest seaman the world has ever known, and Wellington, the hero of a hundred fights, and Napier, the conqueror of Sindé, certainly struck terror into their enemies, though they were little men. And to this category Montaigne himself belonged. “I am somewhat under the middle height,” he tells us, “a defect which has in it not only somewhat of deformity, but still more of inconvenience, especially to those placed in command or in office, for the authority which a fine presence and a majestic person give is in such a case wanting.” He complains that on foot he gets covered with mud, and that in the street little fellows like himself are always being jostled from want of dignity. There are compensating advantages, however, for this defect of stature, but, instead of dwelling upon them, I must hasten to include in the same category as Montaigne “glorious John” Dryden, whom Rochester irreverently nicknamed “*Poet Squab*,” and Pope, the bard of Twickenham, of whom we read: “His person was slender and distorted, and his stature so low that, in order to bring him to a level with tables of the common height, it was necessary to elevate his seat. He was unable (at least after the middle of life) to dress or undress himself, to go to bed, or to rise without assistance. He used to wear a sort of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse linen with fine sleeves, also stays made of stiff canvas laced closely round him, and over these a flannel waistcoat. Three pairs of stockings were required to give his legs a respectable bulk.” In one of the lampoons which his satire provoked he is spoken of as “a little creature, scarce four feet high, whose very sight makes one laugh, strutting and swelling like the frog in Horace, and demanding the admiration of all mankind because it can make fine verses.”

The late Earl Russell, the last of the great Whig leaders, was but scurvily treated by nature in the matter of inches, as a glance at the *Punch* cartoons some thirty years ago will inform the reader.

Middle-aged men still chuckle over the happy design, in allusion to his abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Act, of the naughty little boy who has stuck up "No Popery" on the shutters and then runs away in a fright. Thiers, the French historian, diplomatist and statesman, who reorganized France after the crushing blow of the Franco-German war, was physically a very small man. Below the ordinary standard also was Edmund Kean, "the little man with the wonderful eyes;" and so was Frederick Robson, whose career, though brilliant was so brief that the world had not time to do justice to his genius—a genius the most remarkable, in my opinion, which the English stage has ever seen, hovering, as it did, between the deepest tragedy and the broadest farce. This list of the pygmies might easily be extended, but enough has been said to show that the little men have ever been able to give a good account of themselves, and if measured by the soul (as Dr. Watts suggests) can triumphantly hold their own against the Anakim.

Yet when one comes to think of these Anakim—of the men of goodly presence, the tall men with "an air of authority"—one finds that they, too, have been numerous enough to furnish forth a goodly company. Among sovereigns and warriors one recollects the Macedonian hero, Alexander the Great; Julius Cæsar; his defeated rival, Pompey or Pompeius; Constantine the Great ("His stature was lofty," says Gibbon, "his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful; his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise"); William Wallace (whom Blind Harry represents almost as a giant, and of such strength that on one occasion he rips up fifteen feet of timber-work with his bare hands, —

The boardis rave in twyne,
Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in,

and on another, when attacked by five men, kills three, and puts to flight the two survivors, though armed at first with only an angler's rod); Edward III. (who had not only a fine person, but, as the old chronicler tells us, "a godlike face"); Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the first Crusade and of Tasso's melodious epic; Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general of the Parliament in our Civil War; General Kleber; Marshal Moncey; Marshal Mortier; the emperor Nicholas; and the late great German emperor William. Columbus, who revealed the western world to the gaze of Europe, was a tall man; so

was Huss the Reformer; and Thomas Becket, the so-called martyr. So also were John Pym, the statesman; Rochester, the wittiest of Charles II.'s courtiers; and the elder Pitt, "the Great Commoner," whose tall commanding figure and dignified presence harmonized well with the stately, masterful character of his eloquence; so, too, Benjamin Constant, whose name now awakens not the gentlest thrill of interest in any bosom; and that courtliest of portrait-painters, Sir Thomas Lawrence. By the way, you will find, I think, that the majority of great artists have been men of goodly stature; while the majority of poets range under rather than above "the average height." Voltaire, however, might claim to be considered moderately tall, and he was so exceedingly thin that the Duchesse de Berri called him "that wicked mummy." And Goethe, one of the most comprehensive intellects the world has ever known, belonged to "the lords of mankind." "The accordance of personal appearance with genius," says Heine, "such as is required in extraordinary men, was conspicuous in Goethe. One might study Greek art in him, as in an antique. His eyes were tranquil as those of a god. Time had been powerful enough to cover his head with snow, but not to bend it; he carried it ever broad and high; and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller; and when he stretched out his hand it was as if he could prescribe with his finger to the stars in heaven the way they were to go."

Among persons gifted with extraordinary physical vigor must be included Edmund Ironsides; William the Conqueror; Baldwin, surnamed the Iron Arm, Count of Flanders; William IV., Duke of Aquitaine; Godfrey of Bouillon; the emperor Charles IV.; Leonardo da Vinci, poet and painter; Marshal de Saxe, who made love and fought battles with equal success; and Charles XII. of Sweden, who was so happily constituted "that he endured with ease the extremities of cold and heat, of hunger and thirst—never felt fatigue, and was insensible to the desire of repose." The plainest fare contented him, the rudest couch and the homeliest garb—

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire.

The Albanian prince, George Castriot, better known as Scanderbeg, was in every sense of the word a *strong* man. He could cut off a bull's head at a single stroke. Mahomed II. invited him to send

him the sword which had performed so remarkable an exploit. It was sent, but the sultan finding that it differed not from any other weapon of the kind, expressed his dissatisfaction. Scanderbeg retorted that he had sent him his sword, as desired, but could not send the arm which had wielded it.

A similar anecdote, by the way, is told by William of Tyre about Godfrey of Bouillon and an Arab chief. The Arab presented himself "once upon a time" before the Christian warrior, and in humble tones entreated him to prove his sword upon a very large camel which he had brought with him, explaining that, on returning to his tribe, he was anxious to bear personal testimony to the prince's wonderful strength. As the man had travelled a great distance for this single purpose, Godfrey consented, and, drawing his falchion, struck off the camel's head as easily as he might have levelled a bulrush. The Arab stood astonished, but, after reflecting a moment, concluded that the prodigious effect of the blow was due to the keen edge of the duke's sword, and suggested that with another person's sword he could not accomplish the same feat. Godfrey, smiling, asked the Arab for the weapon he wore at his side; ordered another camel to be brought, and, in a moment, its head rolled on the ground. At this second *coup* the Arab could no longer refuse his admiration, convinced that the force of the blows rested in the arm of the warrior rather than in the temper of his blade. Laying at Godfrey's feet a costly gift of gold and silver and precious stones, and imploring his favor, he returned into his own country, where he made known to everybody the proofs he had seen with his own eyes of the singular physical powers of the Crusader.

Before the invention of gunpowder corporeal strength was necessarily an important consideration on the day of battle, and stout thews and muscles were valued more highly than they nowadays are, though they will never fail to find a good many admirers. I suspect that the men of the past, on an average, were no stronger than are their descendants; but the strong were then selected for special esteem, because, as I have said, strength was of such high importance, when a battle was little better than a group of hand-to-hand combats. When William of Normandy mounted his war-horse to lead his army against King Harold and his Englishmen, his physical vigor and stately bearing elicited loud murmurs of applause. "I

have never seen a knight," cried the Vicomte de Thouars, "who rode more boldly or carried his armor so bravely. Never did any one bear lance more gracefully, or manage his horse with greater skill!" There were few men living who could wield the heavy two-handed mace which was William's favorite weapon. Our English Harold, however, was little inferior in strength to his powerful antagonist; and in the great battle which decided his fate and that of his kingdom, he clove, with a single stroke of his axe, through a horse and its rider.

How are we to account for the popular prejudice against red hair? Is it connected with the tradition that Judas Iscariot was red-haired, or is it of earlier origin? So strong was the sentiment against it in the Middle Ages that one of the chroniclers denounces it as "a burning brand of infidelity." It may very well be that the hatred with which William Rufus was regarded owed an extra dash of intensity to the color of his tawny locks. Not a few famous personages, however, have been endowed by nature with hair of this fatal hue (which their flatterers, no doubt, persisted in describing as auburn); for instance, Anne Boleyn (Mr. Froude speaks of "her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders"); Queen Elizabeth (Sir Richard Baker describes hers as "inclining to pale yellow"; Fuller uses the convenient epithet, "fair"); Columbus; the poet Camoens, and Marshal Ney. One does not like to think of red-haired poets; but the reader will find that auburn, which has at least a warm tinge on it, has not been uncommon among "the brotherhood of the tuneful lyre." Shakespeare's hair and beard were auburn, if we may credit the original coloring of his bust in Stratford's church, and Milton's "hyacinthine locks" were of a similar color. But Burns's hair was black, and Byron's of a dark brown.

Milton, by the way, would seem to have almost realized that "accordance of personal appearance with genius," of which Heine speaks. In his youth he was eminently handsome, and was called "the lady" of his college, and if he gained in dignity and manliness as his years increased, he did not lose in comeliness. His complexion was fresh and fair; his hair, parted in front, hung down upon his shoulders, as he describes that of Adam in his "Paradise Lost." His eyes were of a greyish color, and even when deprived of sight did not betray the loss. His voice and ear were musical. He was of a mod-

erate stature, with a well-knit and active frame. Altogether, he looked the poet. Spenser's favorite theory that the inner spiritual beauty finds expression in the outer material beauty, that the pure soul clothes itself in a garment worthy of it—

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With cheerfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is form and doth the bodie make—

is, unfortunately, not too often fulfilled, but it found a noble illustration in Sir Philip Sidney. He, of whom it was justly said, that he had "the most rare virtues" ever found in any man, whose life has been described as "poetry put into action," was also endowed by nature with every physical attribute that could win attachment or command admiration. "The grave beauty of his presence" was felt by all observers—

When he descended down the mount
His personage seemed most divine.

He reminded his contemporaries, by the excellences of his mind and person, of the golden antique past. As Mr. J. Addington Symonds puts it: "What the Athenians called *καλοκίγαια*, that blending of physical and moral beauty and goodness in one pervasive virtue, distinguished him from the crowd of his countrymen, with whom goodness too often assumed an outer form of harshness, and beauty leaned to effeminacy or softness."

Perhaps we may claim, in support of Spenser's theory, the author of "Endymion." Keats was not without some grave defects of character, but in the main his nature was a fine and manly one, and that he was a true poet and a great poet, whose lips had been touched with the sacred fire from Apollo's altar, the world has long since agreed. That he looked a poet, his contemporaries have frankly informed us. Haydon said he was the only man he had ever met, except Wordsworth, who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling. Handsome and ardent-looking, his figure compact and well-turned, with the neck thrust eagerly forward, carrying a strong and shapely head set off by thickly clustering gold-brown hair; the features powerful, finished, and mobile; the mouth rich and wide, with an expression at once combative and sensitive in the extreme; the forehead not high, but broad and strong; the eyebrows nobly arched, and eyes hazel-brown, liquid-flash-

ing, visibly inspired, "an eye that had an inward look perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions,"—such is Professor Sidney Colvin's description of him. His eyes were eminently those of a poet, "mellow and glowing," says Leigh Hunt, "large, dark, and sensitive." And the late Mrs. Proctor has recorded the impression they left upon her, as if they had been gazing on some glorious sight.

It would seem indeed—and here we are still mindful of the Spenserian theory—that it is by the eye, the eloquent and radiant expression of the eye, the poet may at once be known. Everybody recalls the poet-eye of Robert Burns: "It was large," says Sir Walter Scott, "and of a cast which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time." And so says Professor Walker: "In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided." It was said of the eyes of Chatterton, the "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," that "fire rolled at the bottom of them." And Moore tells us that Byron's, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from mirth to melancholy, from benevolence to scorn or rage. As for Shelley, his blue eyes were very large and prominent. "They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others they flashed with the fire of intelligence." In the face of Scott there was not much, I think, to indicate the author of "Marmion" and "Waverley," though it wore a general expression of power and resolution; but he had fine eyes, eyes so keen that, as his little son said, it was commonly he who saw "the hare sitting." To refer once more to Goldsmith, his eyes were the redeeming feature of his face. They lighted up like lamps when he grew animated in conversation. The fine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is one of the glories of the gallery at Knole, is generally admitted to be largely idealized; but, on the other hand, the sketch by his friend Bunbury, prefixed to the early editions of "The Haunch of Venison," exaggerates all that was least comely in the plain countenance of that unhappy man of genius, "a pale melancholy visage," as he himself describes it, "with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, and an eye disgustingly severe."

But of the physical peculiarities of great

men (and great little men) the recital might be almost indefinitely prolonged. The lame, the deaf, the blind, the deformed, may well console themselves with the thought that they share their afflictions with the leaders of the world, the men who have made history and contributed to the gaiety (or otherwise) of nations, and may derive a certain encouragement from the fact that no physical peculiarity has ever prevented a great man from attaining greatness.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SUMMER-TIME IN RURAL PORTUGAL.

A THOUGHTFUL and agreeable acquaintance of mine, and one, alas! too early carried away from the serene paths of literature and philosophy into the gusty cloudland of politics, once told me of an idea that had occurred to him as he was sitting at an inn table in one of the cities of Sicily. It was early summer-time, the heavens fair, the earth clothed in loveliness, the weather perfect. Meditating on the delight, under these circumstances, of mere material existence, this thought, he told me, suddenly came to him: "Now I know why the barbarians from the dreary north always tended southward in their migrations, always travelled towards the sunnier portions of the earth."

This eagerness to escape the fogs and the north winds and the snow and sleet of their respective fatherlands, no doubt also persuaded the Vandals and Visigoths to follow the autumn swallow-flights to this peninsula. Perhaps, too, it was the motive of action in still earlier Aryan migrations—that is, if certain profound savants be in the right, and others as profound quite in the wrong (as has been known to occur before now); and if these ancestors of us all had their first home in the extreme north.

Furthermore, my friend might have carried his argument a step farther, and accounted not only for the north sending her children to sojourn in these genial lands, but also for the fact of the dwellers in the arid, sun-vexed countries to the east and south doing the very same thing. The Mohammedan hosts issuing from Arabia found no true resting-place along the whole northern coast of Africa, and never abode in contentment or prospered in material or spiritual things till they reached Spain and Portugal and Sicily.

Here only art and learning began to have great scope and dimensions for them, just where there had already been a feebleness beginning for the arts of the Gothic races reaching these countries from the north.

It may be doubted whether art ever really prospers—unless, indeed, it be literary art, which is a plant of deeper root and stronger growth in the human soul than others—where men are either too hot or too cold. Men paint, and carve, and dance, and sing, only when they are neither chilled by cold nor oppressed by heat; and I am convinced no northern minstrel or minnesinger ever harped and sung to any good poetic purpose while his fingers were frostbitten. He never accompanied the lyre till he was warmed by the firelight and relaxed by the wine-cup; rare moments, as northern song too was in rare snatches, compared at least with the human song-notes in all this southern land which are continuously heard in summer-time, while the sun shines warm and the wind is from a pleasant quarter.

For this same reason it may freely be doubted whether any form of art will ever, in our own hyperborean home lands, be forced to take root further down in the social scale than among the occasional æsthetes of our leisurely and opulent classes. The wage-earners of Great Britain, taken as a whole, are the most unæsthetic body in the world. Here in Portugal, on the other hand, the same class is the most art-loving in the kingdom; it is the middle and upper classes that are conspicuously unæsthetic. The poorer the people the oftener is the tinkle of the mandolin heard among them. It is among the poorest workers on the land—the day-laborers, men and girls—that the ancient ballad measures that once delighted the dwellers in palaces are still heard; and the old rondels are sung now at none but village festivals. In another branch of art, jewellery, the only artistic objects in this kind in Portugal are worn by the peasant women. The townswomen of the middle classes—who love jewellery too, though in a less degree—do not soar above cheap French and German ornaments, than which latter the mind of man can conceive nothing of a more degraded taste. While the townspeople are thus demoralized by the low art presented to them by French and German bagmen, the peasant jewellery follows the good artistic traditions left behind them by the Moors four or five centuries ago.

A stronger evidence still of the clinging to a true love and true feeling for art

among the rural classes is to be found in the elaborate work in the ox-yokes used in northern Portugal. I know nothing in the whole domain of popular art so wonderful in its way as the carving on these yokes. That the Andalusian *majo* should adorn his own person with silks and velvet and fringe, and chased studs and buttons of gold and silver; that a Portuguese *cativaneza* should wear round her neck and on her breast thirty or forty pounds' worth of the above-mentioned jewellery, is intelligible; but that a farmer owning ten or twenty acres of land, and of necessity having to count and recount every testoon he pays or gets, should spend of his hard-earned money the considerable sum necessary to procure a carved yoke, seems to me a wonderful thing; for every square inch of these yokes is exquisitely worked upon, pierced and chiselled with designs in endless variety—circles and squares, crosses and crescents, Runic knots and loops, all combined with a most wonderful intricacy and fancifulness. Going along a country road on a fair-day, any one with an eye for this sort of thing is kept in perpetual wonder at the changes which are rung on *motifs* which are nevertheless not more than half a dozen in number, and all of which spring from one central design. Yet seldom is an ugly or tasteless pattern seen, and many are triumphs of decorative art.

The utilitarian may well ask how and how much a people is the better for this intermingling of art in its daily life. Are men and women refined, elevated, and ennobled thereby, as according to the South-Kensington theory of life they should be? Is a peasant from the Minho province a better man on this account than a farm-laborer from Kent or Sussex? Perhaps such fine words as "elevated" and "ennobled" are rather preposterously used in connection with art, but one may still rationally consider that to think and feel rightly, or perhaps even wrongly, on art subjects, is very good for man or woman. It helps to fill our lives; it is one other subject matter on which to confer with our fellow-pilgrims in this passage from the cradle to the grave. It is a topic to talk on beyond and better than the bare necessities of our existence, our clothes, our sleep, our daily bread, our daily business. It is at least a communion with ideas, a contact with the spirit world, and a losing hold for the moment of the bare and ugly material facts of life. Our over-estimate of art may come in part from our supposing it to be itself an idea-compelling thing,

but surely it is nothing of that kind. To put it simply, is not decorative art in all its forms but the seizing of the idea that comes to us from the outside, we know not how; from afar, we know not whence; and the clothing it in form that is recognizable by our senses?—"die sinnliche Erscheinung der Idee," as Hegel, I think, puts it,—its apparition to our senses.

To do this is surely no very grand or ennobling achievement. It is not to make, only to take. A boy can catch the dragon-fly as it emerges from the depths of the pool and changes to the insect with the rainbow on its wings; but if he has not the luck to find the fly he can never, for the life of him, make the larva himself, or even dive below the surface and find one. That same dragon-fly seems to me typical of the product of the artist. Unquestionably we are the better for admiring its shapely body and radiant wings, and so getting sensuous intelligence of the idea that underlies them, but don't let us go and boast we have done a great ennobling thing in doing that. A higher intelligence than ours has gone to the building up of this rare creature of the air and the waters—a higher intelligence, even if scientific evolution be in the main a true thing.

As to this singularly beautiful art-product, the carved ox-yoke of northern Portugal, that the rustic cuts and carves with such infinite skill and loving patience, in the long summer evenings when his toil is over, he has no more ownership in the underlying idea of it than the English young lady who plays the music of Beethoven is to be credited with the creatorship of the "Missa Solemnis."

This wonderful artistic performance of the Portuguese peasant has perhaps come to be little more than an hereditary instinctive act in him, like the making year after year of the goldfinch's nest. Perhaps the goldfinch finds an æsthetic delight in weaving the delicate materials into an artistic whole with its subtle color harmonies. Certainly in the peasant's case there can be no doubt of his actual pleasure as he sees the beauty of the design growing under his hand.

Whence does the ruling design come? Who was the maker, the first creator of it? That is a mystery which can only be approached diffidently. We can guess little of whence it comes, only that it comes from afar and from a time very remote; but it happens that there is something in the way of evidence to go upon. In the sacristy of Braga Cathedral is preserved a small chalice which tradition says was

used at the christening of the first great Portuguese king, who was born A.D. 1094. This chalice is contained in an elaborately carved ivory case whose date is certainly older even than the chalice itself, for on it, and making part of its design, is an inscription in Kufic lettering. Now, it is commonly asserted that the Kufic character ceased to be used in about the year 1000. Consequently this casket, which is probably Arabian work, or possibly Christian work under Arabian influence, cannot be less than eight hundred years old, and is perhaps older. It is carved with the very same design that is found on the Portuguese ox-yokes of to-day. There are on this casket the same intricate combinations of circles, squares, and crescents, and, what is stranger, the same twisted Runic ornament, between leaf spray and Rune knot, as are carved to-day on the Portuguese ox-yokes. This Runic ornament cannot well be of Eastern origin, and in it to me is where lies the chief mystery of the ox-yoke design. May it possibly represent the coming together of the art-influences of the north and of the east, of Christian Gothic with Moslem art? Wherever and whenever the design arose, it must have been born in one potent and creative brain and heart; and it still lives. Through all these long centuries, through invasions and conquests and rebellions and reconquests, through pestilence and famine and dire convulsions of nature, has this ancient art-motif remained unchanged amid so much of change; finding favor with all these many generations of men. They have handled and re-handled it almost day by day through all these long centuries. In their reproduction of it some copiers have slurred their work, but no man of them all has ever failed of reverence for the ancient design or dared to remodel or improve it. So mighty is the force and vitality of one single original conception.

The same conservative power in decorative motifs is evidenced in the unglazed pottery to be found all over rural Portugal. The common water-jar is the Roman *amphora* quite unaltered in shape and material; the water-cooler is pure Moorish. It may be seen in the bazaars of north-African cities the same to this day as is to be found at the fairs and markets of Portugal, though Portuguese and Moors have had no intercourse now for over four hundred years.

I have said that the middle and upper classes among the Portuguese are no longer art-loving. Hardly so much so, in-

deed, as our own people, and there is no Portuguese South Kensington Museum to teach them anything or remind them of past-away art knowledge; or if any such institution there be, it is a very little one as yet. The time however was, when the Portuguese of the richer classes had gone a long way in decorative art-work. In the last century, when we could not get beyond the meagre elegancies of the French Louis Quinze style, the Portuguese cabinets, chairs, and tables were constructed with a fine, bold, massive ornamentation of a very different kind; and while we were engaged in poor frivolous imitations in porcelain, at Chelsea and Derby, of the vases of Meissen and Sèvres — surely the most paltry stuff that ever was called art-work — the Portuguese were making a thoroughly good, rough, artistic faience. The body and enamel, and at first the designs, were borrowed from the wares of Delft in Holland; but in a very short time the Portuguese potters left the Dutch far behind in design, adopting their motifs sometimes from Italy, sometimes from China, and the very best from Persia.* Sometimes the design is purely Portuguese. This ware is now seldom to be found except in the cottages of farmers and peasants, always the last guardians in a country of its past-away fashions and traditions.

Another relic of bygone days that are older still survives in the ballad. It is but rarely heard now, and only in remote corners of the land and in the mouths of the peasantry. Only among this class, that learns so little and forgets so slowly, do these narrative songs linger, that for the most part were an evolution of purely chivalrous thought and feeling, and written to be sung to the *trouvére's* lute in mediæval times, to audiences of high-born lords and ladies. Now with the words half forgotten, the old ballads may still be heard, perhaps in some smoke-darkened wayside tavern among the remoter Portuguese mountains, and the pauses where the stanzas do not come to the reciter's memory are filled by the twanging chords of the wire-strung mandolin. So have I heard the old rhythmic songs, chanted in the plaintive, monotonous, nasal tone of

* I have christened this interesting ware "Portuguese Delft." It is as yet unknown out of Portugal, and a loan collection of it has recently been sent by the writer to the Bethnal Green Museum, whence it will eventually be removed to South Kensington. It is mostly blue and white, with, on the richer pieces, some admixture of what the Portuguese call *cor de vinho*, a deep bluish claret. Its date is from about 1640 to 1790. A fuller account of this ware will be found in a forthcoming number of the *Academy*.

harsh-voiced peasants; yet still there often lingers in the strain much of the old ring and music. It brings back the old gone-away times of gallant deeds and noble endurance, and has power of stirring us still. Among such old-world poetry is the ballad of "Donna Guimar," which I will set before the reader beside a line-by-line rendering of it into English, which does no more than give the bare meaning, without the rhyme and with only a faint echo of the rhythm of the original.* This ballad exists in a Spanish version, and oddly enough it is quoted in its Spanish form in a sixteenth-century Portuguese

comedy. Nevertheless, it is certainly of Portuguese origin; the Portuguese version is the more archaic of the two, and the poem is peculiarly the expression of Portuguese, not of Spanish, thought and feeling. There is a touch of romantic sentimentality too in it mingled with a great deal that is strong and noble, which is peculiarly Portuguese, and not Spanish at all. Moreover, to those who have entered into the laws that govern the genesis of ancient ballads, the first two lines prove that it originated in some land far from any of the Spanish kingdoms.

DONNA GUIMAR: A DONZELLA QUE FUI A GUERRA.

Pregoadas sao as guerras
Entre Franca e Aragao.
"Ay de mim que já sou velho
As guerras me acabarao,
De sete filhas que eu tenho
Sem nenhuma ser barao."
Respondeu lhe Donna Guimar
Com toda a resolucao,
"Venham armas e cavallo
Que eu serei filho barao."
"Filha, conhecer-vos-hao."
"Quando eu passer pela armada
Porei os olhos pelo chao."
"Tende-los hombros mui miudos,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hao."
"Venham armas bem pesadas
Escondidos ficarao."
"Tende-los peitos mui altos,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hao."
"Incolherei os meus peitos
Dentro do duro coracao."
"Tende-los maos pequeninas,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hao."
"Calçal-as-hei numas luvas
Dellas nunca sahiraõ."
"Tende-los pés mui delicados,
Filha, conhecer-vos-hao."
"Venham manopolas de ferro
Os pés bem grandes serao."
"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór de coracao
Que os olhos do Conde Daros
Sao de mulher, de homem nao."
"Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para ir convosco no pomar,
Que se elle mulher fór
As maçaes se ha-de-pegar."
A donzella, por discreta,
A cidra se foi pegar:
"O que bella cidra esta!
Deixamos as maçaes ficar."
"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dór de coracao
Que os olhos do Conde Daros
Sao de mulher, de homem nao."

'Twas when war had been declared,
War 'twixt France and Aragon.
"Alas, that I am old and weary
Unfit to stand in battle rank!
Alas, that I have seven children
And not a son among them all!"
Then did Donna Guimar answer,
Youngest of his daughters she:
"Father, give me horse and armor,
I will to the wars for thee."
"Daughter, surely men will know thee."
"From the ground," said Donna Guimar,
"I will never lift my eyes."
"Daughter, thou hast slender shoulders,
Men will know thee for a maid."
"Nay, for in panoply of armor,
I will hide my woman's shape."
"Daughter, men will ever know thee
By thy bosom's rise and fall."
"Nay, for cased in iron gorget
It will neither rise nor fall."
"Child, thy little hands will show thee
For a woman as thou art."
"Gauntleted in gloves of steel,
They will tell no tale of me."
"Daughter, thy little feet will show thee
For a maiden as thou art."
"My feet shall be shod in boots of steel,
And none shall know me for a maid."
"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart I suffer from,
For sure the County Daros' eyes
Are eyes of woman, not of man."
"My son, into the orchard take him:
If indeed a maid he be,
He will pluck the apple dainty
And leave the other fruit on tree."
But the maiden most discreetly
Pulled a citron from the bough:
"Suits a knight the citron's odor,
We will let the apples be."
"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart I still endure
For sure the County Daros' eyes,
Are woman's eyes, not eyes of man."

* It will be observed that the rhythm is partly accentual, and the rhymes are on the syllables *ar* and *ao*, which latter has the sound, more or less, but more sonorous, of *out* in French. *H*, coming after *i* and *n*,

is sounded as *i* in English: thus, *velho* is *velio*. The line in the ballad is somewhat irregular, but has always four beats; elisions of vowels are made as in Latin verse.

"Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para comvosco jantar,
Que se elle mulher fór
No estrado se-ha-d'incruzar."
A donzella, por discreta,
Nos altos se foi sentar.

"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dor," etc.

"Convidae-o vós, meu filho,
Para comvosco feirar,
Que se elle mulher fór
As fitas se-ha-de pegar."
A donzella, por discreta,
Um' adaga fui comprar:
"O que tell' adaga esta
Para com homens brigar!
Lindas finas para damas
Quem lh'as poderá levar."

"Senhor pae, senhora mae,
Grande dor," etc.

"Convidae-o, meu filho,
Para comvosco nadar,
Que se ella mulher fór
O convite ha-de-escusar."
A donzella, Donna Guimar,
Já se-ha-d'acovardar.
"Olhe cá, o meu moço
Traz uma carta: "poz-se á chorar:

"Novas me chegam agora,
Novos de grande pezar,
De que minha mae é morta
Meu pae se está á finar.
Os sinos da minha terra
Os estou a ouvir dobrar;
E duas irmas que tenho
D'aqui as oigo chorar.
Monta, monta, Cabalheiro,
Se me quer acompanhar!"
Chegam juntos do castello
Foram-se logo apear.

"Senhor pae, trago-lhe um genro
Se o quizer aceitar.

Fui me o capitao querido,
De amores me quiz contar.
Se ainda me quer agora
Com meu pae ha-de-fallar.
Sete annos andei na guerra
E fiz de filho barao.
Ninguém me conheceu nunca
Senao o meu capitao.
Conheceu-me pelos olhos,
Que por outra cousa nao."

This ballad of the girl who was so *splendide mendax* is surely "in the great manner," and the nation where such strong and chivalrous sentiments were sung so eloquently was for some centuries of its life one of the rare heroic nations of the world. The ballad was perhaps never sung quite as it is set down above, even in the old times. In the present day it probably does not survive as a perfect whole; there is many a *hiatus valde desflendus*, as the old scribes put it, which the reciter fills in with the strummings of his mandolin, or worse, with his own

"Bid him, my son, to common hall,
There to dine in company;
If he be a woman truly,
With the women will he sit."
But the maiden most discreetly
Took her place the knights among.

"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart," etc.

"Bid him to the fair with thee:

If a maiden he should be
He will choose a woman's fairing,
Lace, or rings, or finery."
But the maiden most discreetly
Took a dagger for her choice:
"Oh the good and trusty dagger
Fit for use of men in fight!
Here be ribands too for maidens
Gauds they be for us too slight."

"O father dear, O mother dear,
Great pain of heart," etc.

"Bid him to the stream with thee:

Dare him to swim across the pool,
If indeed he be a woman,
He will sure this test refuse."
Then at last did Donna Guimar
Lose her courage and her wit.
"Stay!" she cries, "I see my foot-page
Bearing letters." Then she wept:
"Alas! alas! the tidings heavy
From my home that I do read.
My mother dear is dead, my father
Failing lies, his death-bed near,
And far off in my own country
I hear the passing-bell that tolls.
Alack! I hear my two sad sisters
Weep, and call me to their side:
Mount, mount thy horse now, Cabalheiro,
An' thou lov'st my company!"
Riding on, they reach a castle,
At its gates they light them down:
"See father, here I bring a suitor,
Should'st thou deem him fit for me.
Under him I've served as soldier,
And he would speak of love to me.
An' he loves me still, he'll ask me
Of you, my father, for his bride.
Seven years I bore the sword and buckler,
Fought as your true and trusty son.
No man knew me for a maiden
Save he alone, my captain dear.
He knew me by my woman's eyes,
By nothing else was I betrayed."

prose. It is a patchwork made up of a stanza picked up in one district, of a couplet or a line still extant in another; a skeleton painfully articulated of what once was a living idea and clothed with what must once have been singular literary grace and force. Yet among doubtful lines, and lines that are too obviously the poor fillings in of the illiterate reciter, are many that still have the weight, the color, and the ring of true gold. "Monta, monta, Cabalheiro!" a fine, romantic, most untranslatable line, is one of them; and the last six are certainly pure gold all through.

If the modern realistic theory of literary work in fiction be applied to this ballad it will be found almost ludicrously wanting. It is wholly deficient in any support from "documents." Can anything, for instance, be found more remote from it than the elaborate and lengthy romances with the dreary all-about-nothingness of them, of the school who hold to the above view of literary work? Again, a whole universe of purity, chivalry, nobility, and spiritual truth separates it from the soul-crushing work of M.M. Zola and De Maupassant. If, however, the true object of imaginative literary art be more than to amuse, or to instruct, or even to interest us, if it be to intensify and exalt the nobler emotions of our souls, then this old ballad has done its work. If to do this is not only an art but the greatest and noblest of all arts, and one whereby can be touched chords in our hearts that will never grow wholly mute, — if this art is to be regarded as the interpretation to our own understandings of noble ideal conceptions, the apparelling of them in true eloquence, and the imparting to them of life and movement by suggestive dramatic touches, why then a good deal may be said for the ballad of "Donna Guimar," the maiden who fought so stoutly, loved so well, and lied with so sweet and noble a grace.

The three summer months are so hot and mostly so dry in Portugal that gardening in the north of Europe fashion, with turf, and flower-beds cut out therein, is possible, but not easy. Perhaps it is for this reason that Portuguese gardeners are about the very worst and most ignorant in the civilized world; bad and ignorant as gardeners, knowing almost nothing of potting, and soils, and cuttings, and grafts, and forcing, and the management of "glass," but very good and pleasant people as servants; nothing of tyrants, as so often are the admirable English and Scotch gardeners of our native land, who yet, I am convinced, in their very omniscience and conscious dictatorial superiority, have perpetuated some very deplorable gardening principles against the grain and conscience of weak-kneed masters, in an age of growing æsthetic enlightenment.

The gardening traditions of the Portuguese, in spite of their ignorance, are good, and much of their gardening doctrine sound. No Portuguese, either in practice or theory, would admit, for instance, that monstrous proposition which every English gardener insists upon as a

postulate too obvious for argument, namely, that a garden is a place for flowers as a turnip-field is a place for turnips. The Portuguese gardener, to judge by his results here, considers, and I think justly, that flowers are indeed very pretty adjuncts and ornaments in a garden, but of infinitely less importance than the walks, the shade of branching trees, the greenery of leaf and spray, the cooling breezes in summer, the warmth of the sun in winter, and at all seasons the golden fretwork that the sunlight makes upon the ground through overhanging boughs.

This is the ideal garden of Spain and Portugal; this with some additions. As almost everything in this country is a survival, so are Peninsular gardens survivals of the Moorish ideal of what a garden should be, modified by the requirements of the country and climate. With a thirsty soil, an arid climate, and under a burning sun, the Arab longed for shade, coolness, and moisture; and if the drip of water mingled with the song of birds, and the air were full of flower-scent, he had most of his wants fulfilled. If he desired to attain more he constructed horseshoe archways, through which vistas of shadow could be seen through sunlight, or sunlit flower-glades through shaded air; and he built fountains, from whose marble brim the ever-flowing waters dripped continuously down upon the tile pavements.

The Arab's garden is still a thicket having a few open glades, with dropping fountains, and with water runlets passing through it; and to beget the perfume which his soul loves, his garden is thick set with creeping roses and jasmine bushes.

Here so much shade is not wanted, and the Portuguese garden is more open, and only the walks are overarched with trellises bearing vines and climbing flowers. The Oriental delights in the intricate interlacing of flowing line, and arranges his box edgings in elaborate arabesque patterns. This fashion still prevails as a survival in the Peninsular gardens of to-day. Those who know Spain know the Escorial, and must remember the exquisite tracery of the great box garden there, like the gold wire rims in a rich *cloisonné* enamel. Every old-fashioned Portuguese garden has box edgings so designed. This beautiful fashion is, I fear, all but lost in English gardens, and it is a pity. The velvety greensward of the modern English garden is beyond Portuguese reach, save with enormous trouble and watering, not worth the giving; but in England box

grows as well as here, and this great beauty is well within our attainment.

Another survival of Moorish times is the wall running by the garden paths, hand high, faced with painted tiles (*azulejos*), along whose top is scooped a deep furrow, filled with garden mould and planted mostly with carnations, pinks, and gilliflowers, or the dwarf, scented purple iris of Portugal. All these plants love the drought; and so set, their flowers can be plucked or smelled to without bending the back — an ingenious device of the ease-loving Oriental. In such pleasaunces as these, as Lord Bacon says of his own ideal garden, is to be found "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of men," and indeed I know no other commodity of a garden whatever than to reach this end.

When in England I see the modern bedding-out system in its full rigor, the unlovely receptacles for flowers cut out in the turf, bare earth, dreary, like new-made graves, for nine months of the year, swept by the east wind in winter, burnt up by the sun in summer, and in late spring the contents of greenhouses turned into them to make a tawdry, unharmonized display of color, I ask myself, "Is this 'the greatest refreshment to the spirits of men'?" and I think, "Here again is the tyranny of the gardener, who knows much, but neither thinks nor feels, over his employer, who dares do neither!"

I freely confess that it humiliates my national pride to contemplate the pleasure-gardens of my English friends; even to pass by train in summer-time through the land, and see no garden that is any "refreshment to the spirits," save those of the cottagers, with the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks as guards and supporters of the humble porch, and intermingled with them old-fashioned English garden herbs and flowers — lavender, southernwood, virgin lilies, snapdragon, and columbine; and near every well-to-do house this aforesaid wretched assortment of gorgeous yellow and sky-blue and scarlet beds, in most unholy harmony, of calceolaria and lobelia and red geranium; and close by, the greenhouse — that tobacco-smoke-reeking repository for these gaudy treasures, where they are warehoused for three parts of the year. Beholding these things I say to myself, "Hard by dwells a tyrant and his too compliant employer."

The English gardener, whose virtues and acquirements I admit, is in truth the scientist of domestic life, the only book-learned person about the English country house, a professor and mostly a pedant.

He is the *savant* of the servants' hall, and, like him who writes F.R.S. after his name, he too often tyrannizes over us who know less than he does, and think and feel more. Is it not a serious and crying shame that educated and thoughtful men of means and leisure should be so dominated? The gardening world would be a pleasanter world if every master who has a good and original idea (or even an original idea and not a good one) were allowed by his conventional gardener to carry it out. How many brilliant notions of a proprietor, perhaps a man of true gardening genius, must have been — not to depart from gardening metaphors — nipped in the bud by the frosty sneer of his learned and narrow-minded gardener! It is certain that before anything great or new can be done in a garden, one or the other, either master or gardener, must be, or become, a weakling. I entreat the masters to coerce their inferiors in education and in all the graces of life, and not to let it be themselves who are forced to take the wall — the garden wall. It is always within the resources of psychological science for the superior intelligence courteously and even kindly to break down the mental fibre of the inferior will and brain, and this must be done. We may be told, indeed, that the unenlightened person is often a specialist, wise and knowing in his own narrow groove. A fallacy! Wisdom is not to be attained by draughts at one single spring, but comes to him who has drunk the waters of many streams. The unlettered, untravelled, uninstructed peasant might at least be supposed to know something of the little world that surrounds him, but he does not. He neither observes closely nor reasons closely. For all that, he is none the less opinionative and obstinate, a solemn and pretentious donkey as a rule. "They do tell I," said an old Herefordshire gardener to a botanist of my acquaintance, one of the first in Europe, "They do tell I that they hedge primroses, if you do take and plant 'em root uppermost, as they'll come up all manner o' colors; and," with a slow and sapient shake of the head, "I do mainly believe it, sir."

This is not the kind of man to be our adviser and guide in gardening affairs. Now, it is the merit of the Portuguese gardener that he never interrupts the tenor of his employer's gardening aspirations with futile argument and conventional advice. He is cheerfully compliant, wholly ignorant, pleasant of manner, and works hard. With such a servant one may go far.

In Portugal there is a great contrast between the summer luxuriance of plant growth in the gardens and the bare and barren forest lands. In an English June it is the wood that is rich and beautiful in its luxuriance, the plant growth lush, and the tree-branches green and leafy. It is the garden that is poor and bare and overtrim. Here the first heats of summer in the pine forest pierce the thin canopy of fine needles overhead and parch the ground; flowering plants are quickly forced past their blooming by heat and dryness. Even the gorse blossoms are burnt and withered, and few plants but those of the *cistus* kind can hold their flowers against the sun's rays — the flower of all others that seems too thin and fragile to endure the heat and brightness, one species of it having its petals' disc as broad as the palm of one's hand and thinner than crumpled silver paper, with a great blood-red stain in its centre. These beautiful flowers look like a scattered flight of some great white, red-spotted, tropical butterfly resting on the tops of the *cistus* shrubs.

When summer-time once begins here there is little of the green, lush, and umbrageous beauty that belongs to English summer woods; and I was once inclined to find the pine forests of Portugal, under the hot sun, dry and dreary things in comparison with our native woodlands. My own former opinion of them is, I find, the common one. I have heard them spoken of as monotonous, dry, barren, birdless, songless, dull. If the pine forest has its charm, it must be as the higher kinds of music and the subtler kinds of literature have theirs, only to him whose taste is instructed to the point of receiving the higher and subtler impressions. An English woodland, with its mossy tree-trunks, the bluebells and anemones and primroses, and later the columbines and foxgloves, and the delicate green tree-sprays reaching down into shadowy recesses, is charming in its way — a very "pretty, purling stream" kind of thing; but it is as one of Strauss's waltzes to a symphony of Beethoven, compared with the austere beauty of the great pine forests of Portugal.

Entering these solemn, half-lit forest glades, in the mountain regions of Portugal, with the confused rising and falling organ music from the tree-tops, and the vast solitariness and silence, broken and made more impressive by the sudden, far-off cry of some unseen woodpecker or jay, is like passing through the aisles of a

great Gothic cathedral; like that, too, the air is full of incense, the scent of the pine-trees and the *cistus* plants. Then it is that these great solemn woods take full possession of one's spirit. There are strange transformations, too, in them as summer passes into autumn, in storm-time, at dawn, or at sunset, when everything suddenly changes as by magic, and earth and air and firmament become as that huge stage which the imagination of the great poet aspired for to present grander dramas than he yet had dared to write. At sunset in summer-time especially, I have seen such a transfiguration of earth and air and sky, when the whole southern and western firmament is lit up in its breadth and height by a level effulgence of glorious citron light. Not a cloud is near the setting sun; only the heavy, dark masses of the stone-pines interpose between the evening sky and the spectator; while every tree-trunk, bough, and branch, with each innumerable ramification of twig, and each pine-needle thereon, is drawn distinctly, as by a pen dipped in blood, on the bright yellow plane of sky.

No doubt all this is very beautiful and very impressive, and to sojourn for a while in a land which holds these incomparable things is, to him who can apprehend them, more than a pleasure; it is an education. A land, indeed, for a foreigner to sojourn in, but not to dwell and die in. No land is quite good enough for that but our own native land; and we who have long "eaten strange salt" are mostly, I think, far less of citizens of the world and philosophers than we imagine ourselves; and, going home after absence, greet the first familiar sound of the cockney tongue with most keen delight, and are cheated by our first hansom cabman with a secret joy. After all, perhaps, we need not go so far in this respect as that Scotch gentleman who had lived long and thriven greatly in a certain colony, yet would say, "Gude save us! I'd rather gang hame and be hanged, than stay here and dee a natural death!"

He expressed a feeling that only the exile quite knows, and yet which is latent in the hearts of all men of all times. This Scotchman who spoke so bitterly longed perhaps, after all, less for the glens and heather of his native land than to tread once more the sacred earth wherein his forefathers and those dear to him, and the heroes of his race, were laid: —

ὡς αἶντο τοὺς δ' ἦδη κῆτεχεν φύσις αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαιμόνι αὐθι φάη ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

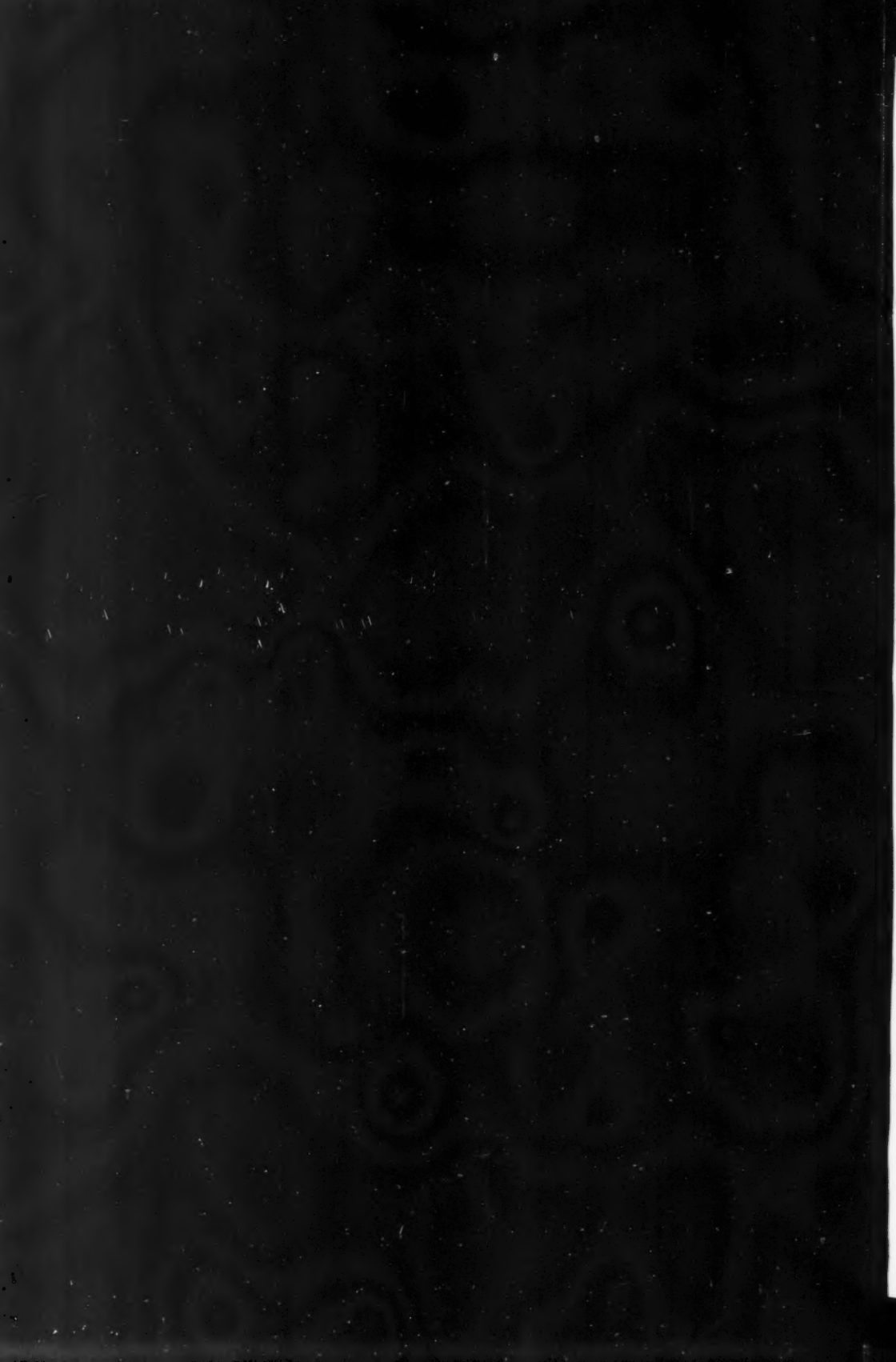
From The Lancet.
EFFECTS OF MENTAL OVERWORK.

SOME interesting, though not novel, observations on the symptoms of mental fatigue were discussed at a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society. The result of these investigations goes to prove that weariness of mind, the result of work, like other forms of exhaustion, is recognizable under the two different though related aspects of irritability and of incapacity. Further careful inquiry into the same subject would probably show that here as elsewhere, the former of these conditions is introductory to the latter, and is the natural sequel of that stage of apparently successful overaction which is seen when an organ still fully capable is unduly stimulated. The observations referred to were culled from a series of reports by schoolteachers, and included details of their own sensations, as well as of the children under their care. The signs of mental irritability were apparent in sleeplessness and nervous laughter; of fatigue, in sleepiness and incapacity for task work. Lolling, yawning, and a languid manner told that the will was flagging. Headache suggested overstrain in study combined with defective ventilation, and perhaps a too sparing diet; while some curious facts bearing on the causation of color-blindness and somnambulism were also noted. Thus, in one case the blue-color perception was for a time obliterated, and the sufferer from this defect found herself painting ivy leaves a bright orange; while in another a student, hav-

ing retired to rest on the eve of an examination, awoke at his desk to find that he had been busily engaged in drawing humorous cartoons relating to a former conversation. Here we have an instance, of cerebral irritation due to overwork, which suggests a somewhat close connection between dreaming and somnambulism, and affords a clue to the physiology of the latter condition. Overwork, both mental and bodily, is at once the most general and the least regarded form of illness to which we are liable in the present age. Do what we may, it is next to impossible to escape from it; but there is, at all events, a certain satisfaction in being able to recognize its features. We must not forget, however, that it is also to a considerable extent a preventable evil, and it is certainly a matter for satisfaction that this fact is not ignored by the reforming party in the legislature. Its treatment in individual cases requires chiefly that due attention be paid to the two great essentials of timely rest and wholesome diet. Work, however irksome, may, it is generally allowed, be undertaken on a very liberal scale, if only it is not too continuous, but is broken by timely and adequate intervals of rest. The value of a plain and liberal dietary is hardly less, and we may take it as a maxim for the times that, so long as appetite and sleep are unimpaired, there is no dangerous degree of overwork, and conversely, that a failure in either of these respects should be regarded as a warning signal, to which attention should be paid by relieving the strain of exertion.

UNFATHOMED QUICKSANDS.—One of the greatest difficulties of railway construction in the south-western States of America is (*Iron says*) the frequent occurrence of quicksands in rivers. In building the Kansas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroads, according to Mr. H. L. Carter, railway contractor, there was frequent experience of this. From western Kansas to the mountains quicksands are to be found in nearly every stream, no matter how small, and to bridge them successfully required an expenditure out of all proportion to the width of the stream to be crossed. Pile-driving was tried, but the longest pile disappeared without touching the bottom. Then filling with earth and stone was attempted, and met with equally poor success, as the quicksands were apparently capable of swallowing the entire Rocky Moun-

tains. The only means of crossing the rivers was found to be to construct short truss bridges across them. This was very expensive, but was the only thing to be done. As an instance of the practically bottomless nature of the quicksands, Mr. Carter cites the case of an engine that ran off the track at River Bend, about ninety miles from Denver, on the Kansas Pacific. The locomotive, a large goods-engine, fell into a quicksand, and in twenty minutes had entirely disappeared. Within two days the company sent out a gang of men and a wrecking train to raise the engine. To their surprise, not a trace could be found of the engine. Careful search was made, magnetized rods were sunk to the depth of sixty-five feet, but there were no signs of the locomotive. It had sunk beyond human ken.



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